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ROLLO  
AND HIS RACE.

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VOL. I.









R. J. H. C.

MRS. DUKE OF NORMAN

London Richard. Bentley, 1848

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G.B.  
H.

# ROLLO AND HIS RACE;

OR,

## FOOTSTEPS OF THE NORMANS.

BY ACTON WARBURTON.

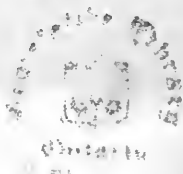
This folk of Normandie  
Among us woneth yet, and shalleth ever moe.

*Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.*

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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# INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE SECOND EDITION.

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THE progress of civilization has been justly compared to that of light. The sun advancing from east to west is an apt emblem of that moral illumination which has taken a correspondent course. When we strive to penetrate the gloom that wraps an infant world, we are first attracted by the "heaven-kissing" peaks of Central Asia,\* faintly glimmering in primeval myths. As these fade before the opening dawn, we discern the rich valley of the Ganges already occupied by an intelligent people, with sages and philosophers endeavouring to weave their philosophical and theological ideas into a system, which would explain all

\* The Himalaya, or Heavenly Mountains: *Sanscrit*, himala; *German*, himmel; *Anglo-Saxon*, heofon; *English*, heaven.



those mysterious operations of nature that may never be fathomed by our limited faculties. And yet how great an influence do these metaphysical speculations, re-formed by Plato, and engrafted on the primitive doctrines of Christianity, still exercise throughout the world.

Advancing westward, we discover, as the dawn of time expands, the great monarchy of the Persians. We find the sons of Iran, led by Cyrus and Cambyses, subjugating all the surrounding nations, and establishing an uncontrolled dominion from the Indus to the Nile, having as their tributaries for nearly two centuries the enlightened people of Egypt.

Yet a little while, and the sceptre of the world falls from their grasp on the plains of Marathon. While the Persians were pursuing their career of glory, a nation was forming by the gradual amalgamation of various small tribes, on the isles and coasts of Greece and Asia Minor, for whom it was reserved to check the all-conquering Iranic race, and wrest from them the destinies of mankind. It was their part in the great scheme, to teach man his own dignity, and supply a glorious example

to future generations of how much can be effected by self-government and free inquiry.

We then find the Hellenic race, in its turn, yielding the destinies of the world to a more vigorous, though less intellectual people. In acquiring their vast dominion, the Romans imparted to the whole of the then known globe the ideas of municipal freedom, and diffused, by means of their own language, what they had secured as the most glorious part of their conquest — the treasure of Grecian intellectuality.

But the hour comes when Rome, too, relinquishes her pre-eminence. Enervated by luxury, corrupted by power, she has reached her point of culmination, and must yield to the race destined in the scheme of Providence to carry on, and apparently to complete, the development of humanity. When we arrive at this period of time, we find the forests of Germany pouring forth their hardy tribes over the great territory whose capital was on the Seven Hills; with their Teutonic blood infusing new life through the lethargy into which humanity had fallen, and reviving among the enthralled

nations the long-forgotten sentiment of personal independence.

Still following the course of time, our attention is attracted by a small island on the north-western coast of Europe, in the occupation of a people formed by a happy blending of Saxon and Scandinavian tribes, in whose possession we recognize that heritage which we have traced down through successive races; the law of whose transmission seems to have been, that it should be held for the time by the race best adapted by their physiological and psychological qualities, to make use of it for the development of humanity.

We have thus seen the civilization which forty centuries ago germinated on the banks of the Ganges, transmitted westward from race to race—from the Hindostanic to the Iranic, the Hellenic, the Romanic; and thence, to the Teutonic. In the hands of the last, it assumed a character altogether new. To the elements derived from the hierarchic and classic world, that of the Teutonic spirit was now added, an element so powerful and noble that it leavened and exalted the whole. Among the Teutons



modern civilization had its birth. The religious sentiment emancipated itself from the grossness and absurdity of classic mythology ; \*

\* To those who are only acquainted with the religious doctrines of the Teutons through our English writers, it may seem paradoxical to assert that religion was advanced by an encounter with the worshippers of Odin, Thor, and the other members of the Northern Olympus ; but the truth is, that originally the religion of the Scandinavians was of a remarkably pure and rational character. It taught the being of a supreme God, to whom all things were submissive and obedient, "the eternal, the ancient, the awful Being, that never changeth," and forbade to represent the Deity under any corporeal form. To serve this Divinity with prayer, to do no wrong to others, and to be brave in fight, were the three great principles that guided their conduct ; and they believed in a future world, where punishment awaited those who despised these three fundamental principles, and joys without number for every just, religious, and valiant man.

Such was the ancient Teutonic religion. The innumerable deities and fictions afterwards introduced by the scalds or poets, are of a comparatively modern date ; and, moreover, they never obtained any general credence with the enlightened classes. The great Olaf Trygvason declared openly that he relied more on his own strength and arms than on Odin or Thor. It is related of Rolf, King of Denmark, that on one of his companions proposing to offer a sacrifice to Odin, he said, " I will not ; I fear nothing from that blustering spirit." Many other instances might be adduced ; and the Icelandic

a purity was breathed over human affection to which it had long been a stranger ; and

“ Freedom rear’d in that august sunrise  
Her beautiful bold brow.”

It was their respect for woman, and their passionate love of freedom, which formed the distinguishing characteristic of the Teutons. Mr.

chronicles are full of examples of men not only rejecting these superstitions, but raising their minds to the invisible Ruler of all things. Geist, a Norwegian chief, says to his son, who is just going to embark for Greenland, “ I beseech and conjure Him who made the world to give success to thy undertaking.” Thorsteira, another Scandinavian warrior, says, speaking of his father, “ He will receive on this account a recompense from Him who made the heavens and universe, whoever he be.” But, the most remarkable instance is the famous Harald Harfager, who, when yet quite young, spake thus in a popular assembly : “ I swear in the most sacred manner I will never offer sacrifice to any of the gods adored by the people, but to Him only who hath formed the world and everything we behold in it.”

We may imagine to minds of this stamp how welcome must have been Christianity. A religion so congenial to their nature would, we may suppose, be readily received by them ; and such, in fact, was the case. They embraced it gladly and universally ; and we have the most honourable testimony from various writers to the high character of the Teutons for morality, after they obtained a footing in the Roman empire.

Mallet well observes, that to them is to be referred that moderation and generosity shewn by the stronger to the weaker sex, which is the peculiar mark of European manners. "They shew us chivalry in the bud, the germ of that gallantry and honour, which was so little known to the Greeks and Romans, how polite soever in other respects; and we may safely conclude, that the respect we shew to the fair sex is derived from that reverence which our ancestors had for them."

Nor was that a less valuable legacy bequeathed to Europe, in their deep sentiments of freedom. It is true that carnage and desolation attended their first irruptions; but if Death moved in the van, Liberty reared her crest behind. While the first destroyed the tyrant, the other loosed the fetters of the slave, proclaiming to man his right to be free.

The facility with which the Teutons laid aside the habits of their nomade state, and adopted whatever was best in the civilization of the south, is very remarkable. Among the proofs of the cultivation and enlightenment they so speedily attained, not the least is to

be found in their anxious endeavours to preserve the monuments of taste and genius; and in many instances they surpassed the Roman in enthusiastic regard for every remain of the ancient grandeur of the Empire. It is to be observed, that they were even the inventors of some of the arts dependent on design—for instance, Mosaic.

But with respect to the arts, the most remarkable circumstance connected with these nations is the revolution they produced in the character of ecclesiastical architecture. The light and graceful building of Grecian or Roman-Greek order gave place to the massy grandeur of the Teuton style. The Greek art was finite, complete, symmetrical: the art of the Teuton, on the contrary, depended on a symbolical expression of the infinite. The wild imagery of nature surrounding him, and the freedom of his life, gave such a tendency to his mind, that he found rest in that which presented no end, and derived satisfaction from what was indistinct. “When I enter a Greek church,” says Mr. Coleridge, “my eye is charmed, and my mind elated; I feel exalted

and proud that I am a man; but the Teuton art is sublime. On entering a cathedral I am filled with devotion, and with awe. I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite. Earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is 'that I am nothing.' "

The Teutons adopted at first the circular form. They found that noble shape applied to base purposes in the Southern structures, and discerning its true destiny, they rescued it from its ignoble application, and employed it for their houses of prayer.

The reverential sympathy that many of us acknowledge for this form, is not surprising, when we remember what forcible associations it has with the most solemn periods of this our mortal life. In such a shape does Heaven offer itself to the eyes of the wondering infant, when it first raises them to look for its future home. With this form the lover encircles the finger of his bride, to typify the eternity of that union, in which death is but an event. And when the shades of life's evening are



closing round the old man, he feels that he is about to complete the circle of existence, and finds himself returning to the memories and thoughts of early days.

The Teuton prayed of old in the open air—the vault of heaven above him—and the principal feature of his style was but a copy of the roof of that great Natural Church, where he was wont to worship Him who “dwelleth not in temples made with hands.” When the Teuton came to Southern climes and embraced Christianity, he taught stone and mortar to forget the grovelling horizontalities of Greek and Roman orders. Such might befit the shrines of Jove, or Pallas, or Dian; but the Lombard first, the Norman still more, raised his materials into forms that aspired to heaven. He had found the true God, and worked in the spirit of the Psalmist’s grand apostrophe—“Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!”

The Teutonic and Grecian architecture differed as much in principle as did their primary types in the respective countries. The

Greek never shook off the debasing memory of the forest hut—the Teuton never lost the ennobling recollection of the northern landscape.

I have alluded to the distinctive feature of the Teuton architecture—the Arch. Let me here notice the Niche —another most important member—for on the accumulation of niches depended mainly the “rich cavernous chiaroscuro” of the Northern styles.

This, if introduced at all in the Grecian structures, was sustained by columns, and, among the Cisalpine architects, who worked under the influence of Grecian example and tradition, the classic principle of columnar support was generally kept in view. But by the northern workmen it was rejected altogether, and we may conceive the self-supporting canopy of the niche to represent the poise of the precipice, while the aspiring pine that crowned it, with long bole and expanding top, might have suggested the fœtal into which the canopy was afterwards raised.

The peculiar qualities that characterised the Teutons in general were exhibited by the

inhabitants of Scandinavia in a marked degree. Though we learn from Tacitus that originally a few simple truths constituted the religion of all the Teutonic tribes, yet it is certain that the Scandinavians, the longest kept the purity of the ancient faith, and all the instances given in the previous note, of minds superior to the superstitions subsequently introduced by the scalds or poets, belong to that branch of the Teutonic race. And so it was with regard to the other characteristics referred to. Not only were women considered as the equals and companions of men, and their esteem, as valuable as their love, to be obtained only by constant attentions, by generous services, and by a proper exertion of virtue and courage; but the Sagas\* are full of instances which shew that women were often viewed among the Scandinavians with a respect that amounted to veneration.

\* The Sagas are annals of sundry Scandinavian families, giving a faithful account of their manners, customs, and various expeditions; thus presenting an accurate picture of Northern life before the introduction of Christianity. They are documents very superior in every respect to the monkish chronicles.



But it was in their constant assertion of personal independence, in their impatience of all control, that the Normans most surpassed their cognate tribes. "The great prerogative of Scandinavia," says Montesquieu, "and what ought to recommend its inhabitants beyond every people upon earth, is, that they afforded the great resource to the liberty of Europe, that is, to almost all the liberty that is among men. It was there were bred those valiant nations who left their native climes to destroy tyrants and slaves, and to teach men that nature, having made them equal, no reason could be assigned for their becoming dependent, but their mutual happiness."

From their maritime position, and the nature of their country, intersected everywhere with creeks and bays, the Scandinavians became naturally expert seamen, and were thus led to make early emigrations and even settlements. These are placed by some writers at a very remote period indeed, but as they are attributed by them to an age preceding that of records, such accounts cannot be relied on. It is cer-

tain, however, that when we first view the Scandinavians in the light of authentic history, that is, at the beginning of the 8th century, we find them carrying on a more active commerce and more extensive communication with foreign countries than any of the other nations of Europe. Their princes and nobles visited every part of Europe either as traders or pirates. Without chart or compass these adventurous men swept the ocean from the icy waves about the Pole, to the torrid billows of the Equator. Centuries before Columbus they trod with daring feet the shores of the New World,\* and fixed their free settlements among the eternal snows of Greenland and Iceland.

\* The Sagas relating to America, which contain a full account of the discoveries of the Northmen in the Western hemisphere, were quoted by Torfæus in his work "*Historia Vinlandiæ Antiquæ*," published in 1705. Since then Professors Rafn and Magnussen have fully investigated the subject, and have published the original narratives of the voyages. The result of their labours is given in the "*Antiquitates Americanæ sive Scriptores Septentrionales rerum ante Columbianarum in America*," 1 vol. fol., Copenh., 1837, published by the Royal Soc. of North. Antiq., and may be said to have placed the discovery by the Northmen beyond a doubt.

On the other hand, they visited, and in many instances formed establishments in Scotland, Ireland, England, France, Spain, Africa, Italy, and Greece. They inscribed their Runic characters on the flank of one of the lions that Morosini brought from the Piræus at Athens, to adorn the arsenal of Venice; and they strewed with a lavish hand in Scandinavia the coins of the Omniades of Spain, the Edresites of Mauritania, and the Abisside Emirs of Libya.\*

So early and extensive a communication with foreign countries, must necessarily have enlarged and enlightened the minds, and civilized the characters of those engaged in it. Indeed the first foreigner who visited this country, Pytheas, and after him Tacitus, describes the Scandinavians as superior in civilization to the Celts and Germans, but this superiority was doubtless increased by their early and extensive commerce. We have the testimony of the Monk Alberich to this, who in his Chronicle,

\* Quantities of these coins have been dug up in Sweden. The Museum of the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg is very rich in them.

anno 875, speaks thus of the Northmen: "*Est gens Normannorum gratiosa quocunque venerit et affabila;*" while he describes the Saxons, in respect to their manners, as "feroces." But the best evidence of the manners and habits of the times is to be found in the Icelandic sagas, where they are faithfully and unpretendingly depicted. We learn from them that the Northmen were by no means unacquainted with the comforts, and even the luxuries of life. They were skilful mechanics, held music and poetry in high esteem; were fond of intellectual games, and especially remarkable for their skill in chess; have some claim to the invention of oil painting; and, above all, in their relations with the weaker sex, shewed a degree of refinement and generosity, we vainly look for among the Greeks and Romans in their highest civilization.

At the close of the ninth century came a band of these Northmen, who succeeded in establishing themselves in Neustria, thenceforward called Normandy. After the lapse of a century and a half, they passed over to England, and brought a timely check to the grow-

ing degeneracy of their cognate tribes, who already occupied that soil, importing among the worn-out and disorganised Saxons, vigour, strength, and order.

The student of that period is aware of the prostrate superstition and deplorable ignorance that disgraced the Saxon church, and can appreciate the benefits that religion and learning derived at the hands of the Norman ecclesiastics—disgusted at the abject slavery of the Anglo-Saxon masses, he will rejoice to see the bondage of the Ceorl and the Theowe, pass rapidly away—familiar with the picture of turbulent earldoms, and rebellious provinces, with laws of property irregular and ill-enforced, he can understand the advantage of the change to an hereditary aristocracy, powerful, chivalrous, and high-spirited, yet, at the same time, forming common cause with the people, to whom they communicated with wonderful facility their character and temper; and to a succession of brave and vigorous sovereigns, who, with all their faults, were able effectually to protect the land from invasion, and liberal enough to foster the commerce which has proved one of the main

elements of the prosperity and power of England.\*

The lofty and magnanimous spirit that animated these men was lodged in a fit frame. They were generally above the ordinary size, though of good proportions. Their features were expressive of determination, energy, and judgment, the profile displaying that aspiring outline, especially in the high nose, that physiognomists have always associated with a magnanimous disposition.† The portrait given in the frontispiece of the first Duke of Normandy,

\* In Sir Bulwer Lytton's latest work, "Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings," the condition and distinctive peculiarities of the two races, Saxon and Norman, at the time of the Conquest, are traced with his usual power of delineation. In turning over these pages, which have added another laurel to the literary wreath that he has won, we cannot but acknowledge the ability with which this is accomplished; yet I question whether our admiration for the skill he has shewn in depicting the respective national characteristics, be not lost in the interest raised by those personages whom his genius has brought out from "that realm of shadows beyond the Norman conquest," and made to think, act, and speak before us like beings of to-day, instinct with life, freshness, and reality.

† The high nose was always considered among the early Persians, who were a race of common origin with the

Rollo, is a fine illustration of the pure Norman cast of feature. The original will be found in the *Collection de Sergent, dessinée et sculptée en 1791*, preserved in the *Bibliothèque Royale* (now *Nationale*), *Rue Richelieu, Salle des Estampes, sous l'Indication, N. N. No. 4*. Of its genuineness there can be no question. It was doubtless copied into the *Collection* from some coin or medal. The internal evidence from the features, the armour, and the costume, is all but conclusive in itself.\*

The following pages are an attempt to collect some traces of the genius of the Normans, and the influence their character, customs, and manners still exercise over us; noticing by the way the principal of those characteristic monuments, as a mark of a magnanimous disposition, and the line of their Kings was distinguished for that feature.

\* See the "Trésor Numismatique et Glyptique" (Brit. Mus.), "Histoire par les monumens de l'art monétaire," 1<sup>er</sup> livraison, planche 1, No. 6, where there is a coin of Louis le Debonnaire, anno 840, where the mantle is gathered up in the same manner as that of Rollo is represented. In the "Trésor, &c." "Sceaux des Rois, &c.," is a seal of the same King, where the mantle is also gathered up in the same manner. The cuirass of ring-mail, in which the portrait represents Rollo, is precisely the armour of the period.

ments that the iconoclast has spared, and which still make the land of Normandy, as it were, its own historian. I conceived I should mitigate the necessary antiquarianism of the subject, by connecting it as much as possible with to-day. In attempting this object, I was led perforce into some digressions; but it is hoped that this will be forgiven, as I think they will be found to be only such as spring naturally from the field of observation.

The consciousness that in wandering through the land, and tracing the career of Rollo and his Race, we are still within the pale of English history, gives an additional interest to the subject. If a philosopher, you will delight to trace in the genius of the ancient inhabitants of the land the germ of many of those sterling qualities which distinguish the Englishman. If an ecclesiologist, you will read here the first pages of the church architecture of our own island; and as a man, you cannot wander among the tombs where our great kinsmen lie, without being proud of your common humanity,—of your common origin still more.

In this land of castles, and abbeys, and



churches, Bigotry\* and the Revolution have made terrible havoc, annihilating the monuments even Time had forborne to touch. On the soil they first visited, the footsteps of the Normans are few, but on that soil where they fixed their final home, the influences of Rollo and his race abide in monuments more enduring, and worthier, than castles or abbeys,—in the skill that tames the war-horse—in the courage that rules the waves—in the energy, the chivalry, the unaffected piety of the English people.

Nor have those influences suffered diminution from the wear of eight hundred years. There is a vitality in the Norman spirit on which Time seems to have no power. Such as it was the day after Hastings, such is it now. Then it inspired the Norman knight—it now breathes in the English gentleman.

It may be thought that I have formed too high an estimate of the Norman; and I am ready to admit that I have contemplated my subject somewhat on the ideal side, but it

\* The Huguenots of the sixteenth century were hardly less frantic in their iconoclasm than the disciples of liberty.



should be remembered that I have had in view to shadow forth general traits of genius and character, rather than to present a picture of strict historical fidelity. Nevertheless, any one who is at all familiar with the Chroniclers and Trouvères of Normandy, will perceive that, at all events, with regard to their account of the early Dukes of the Province, I have exercised a very severe criticism, subjecting their glowing relations to the soberest possible construction.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to observe, that in dwelling upon the fine qualities of the Normans, I have not intentionally depreciated those belonging to any of the other races which have contributed to the English nation. If a silence with respect to them should be so construed, it must be remembered that a consideration of them would have been entirely beside my subject. Knowing that the relative merits of Norman and Saxon have been among certain persons long and strenuously disputed, and treated with all the heat of a party question,\* I am the more

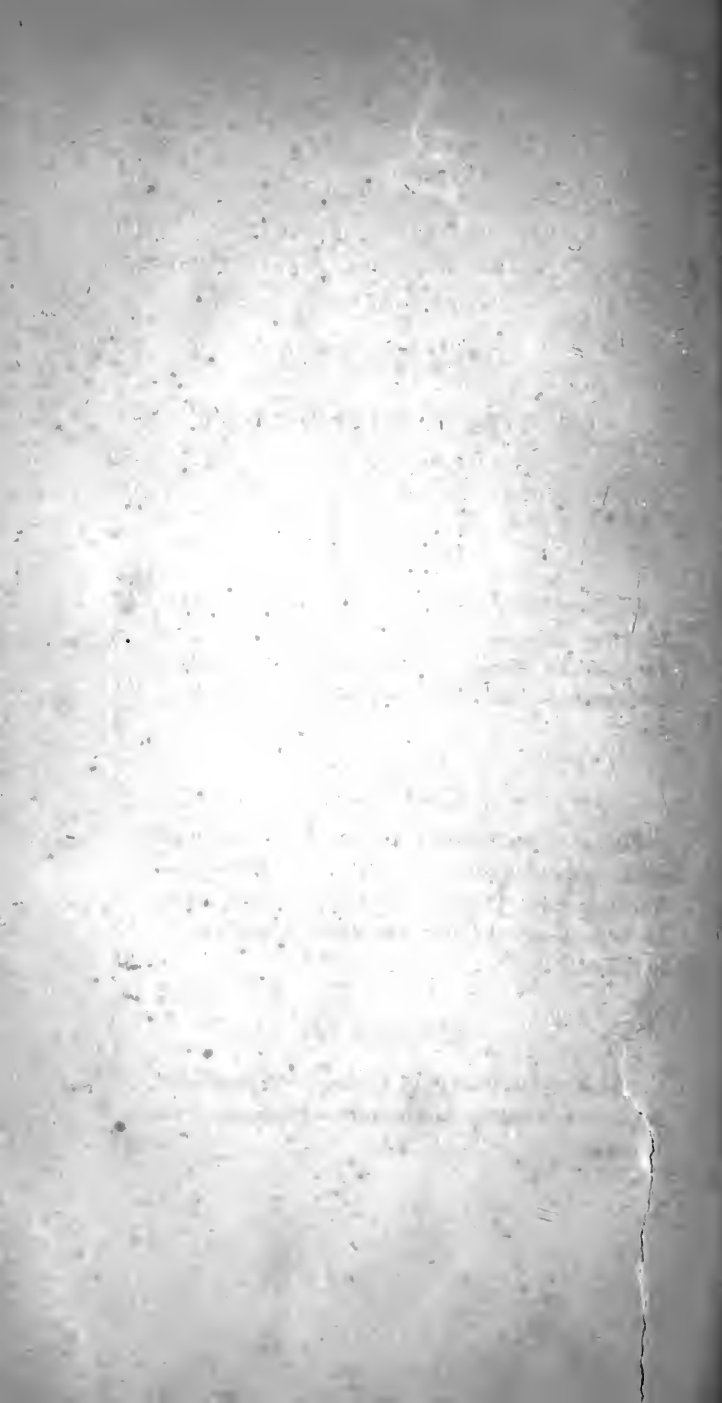
\* The jealousy which has attended this question seems

anxious to guard against misapprehension on this point. This much may, however, be said, that it would be as idle to depreciate the Saxon constituent of our nation, as to deny that from the accession of the Norman element, and its happy fusion with the sterling qualities of a kindred race, has arisen that nationality wherein lies the power, the freedom, and the fame of England.

principally to have arisen from the writings of those who share in Mr. Thierry's erroneous theory, which is built upon the idea of the old right of conquest. They would have the English believe, as Mr. Thierry would make the French also, that they are two nations—the conquerors and the conquered, and bids them deem that they must for ever remain hostile in their recollections of the past, irreconcilable in their projects for the future. Nay, Mr. Thierry carries it so far, that in some of his earliest writings,<sup>1</sup> not content with metamorphosing the Normans and Saxons into Cavaliers and Roundheads, he pushes the theory of the conquest and subjection of the one race by the other even beyond the reign of Charles the Second ! Nothing can be more erroneous than this theory. If the idea of any distinction arising from a right of conquest ever obtained, generally in England, it certainly did not survive the time of the early Plantagenets.

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<sup>1</sup> The “Censeur Européen.”



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# UPPER NORMANDY.

VOL. I.

B



# ROLLO AND HIS RACE.

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## CHAPTER I.

LE TRÉPORT.—EARLY FRANK LITANIES.—SIGNIFICANT INTERVIEW BETWEEN AN OLD GENTLEMAN AND A YOUNG LADY.—THE WORLD'S DESTINY.—DAWN OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.—THE TEUTONIC RACE.—THE SCANDINAVIANS.

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Till the war-drum throb no longer, and the battle-flag be  
furl'd,  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.  
There the Common Sense of most, shall hold a fretful realm  
in awe ;  
And the peaceful earth shall slumber, lapped in universal  
law. *Alfred Tennyson.*

THE line of the river Bresle divides the ancient provinces of Normandy and Picardy. Its waters wash the terrace whereon stands the Château d'Eu, the inheritance of the illustrious exile of Claremont, and are mingled

with the sea a mile and a half from thence, at the little town of Le Tréport.

In old times Le Tréport suffered much from its exposed position. Being one of the keys to the fair territory of Neustria,\* its harbour was often vexed by the "roaming tall ships" of the Normans, who, towards the close of the reign of Charlemagne, made it a frequent point of descent. Many a day, in the old church upon the hill, arose the Litany, "From the rage of the Normans, good Lord deliver us;" many a day, in the vale below, paced the harassed natives in humble procession, the priest going before, chanting the same prayer, while the Great Charles grew pale at Aix, and "with deep sighs and abundance of teares, exclaimed, 'Heavy am I at the very heart, that in my owne lifetime these pirates dare to come upon my coasts, whereby I foresee what mischief they will worke upon my posteritie.'"†

A thousand yéars have fled away, bequeath-

\* The ancient name of Normandy.

† Speed, "Historie of Great Britaine."

ing to Le Tréport peace and seclusion. An occasional tourist is now the only invader. It may be some straggler from the neighbouring Château d'Eu, or perhaps an enterprising Don from the banks of the Isis, in search of a spot embalmed in the *Commentaries* as the *Uterior Portus* of Julius Cæsar, or the yacht of a rambling Englishman may occasionally drop anchor in the harbour, but the stranger comes not now to pillage or to slay, he comes only to lionize or to bathe. When the tall cliffs smile in a more genial sunshine, and the waves break in the warm autumn air, Le Tréport offers to the believers in salt water the attractions of an excellent bathing establishment, and a smooth-shingled shore.

The curiosities, too, with which time has enriched Le Tréport may fairly entitle it to rank as a supplementary lion to the Château d'Eu. Robert the Second Count of Eu, founded a magnificent abbey here, within whose walls he and his wife Beatrix were buried. After flourishing for many years, it was destroyed during the English wars of the fifteenth

century. Some of the ruins may be traced at the east end of the present church.

Not far from the abbey stood a monastery of the Templars, very famous in its time. This was all but demolished after the suppression of that order, by the command of Philip the Fair. The small portion which escaped destruction, has been economised to form the gable of the present barracks.

The church is seated on a lofty eminence, to which you ascend by a long flight of steps. It is of the fourteenth century, and especially remarkable for the roof of its nave. All along the centre, from each intersection of the groinings, vertical pendants have been introduced, projecting downwards into the church like shapely stalactites, to an extraordinary length ; the central pendant being ten feet long. Over the western door extends an ancient porch of sandstone richly decorated in the style of the period.

On the morning of the 2nd of September, 1843, this sequestered spot presented a significant spectacle. As the old town clock

struck the hour of five in the afternoon, vociferous cheers from a thousand voices rent the air, the ground shook with salvos of artillery, and between the discharges was heard the grand national anthem of England, "God Save the Queen."

A barge, from whose stern waved the *tricolor*, lay beside the pier. An old man, accompanied by Lord Cowley and M. Guizot, descends the stairs. Having taken his seat, the barge glides towards a steam-boat anchored in the harbour, bearing at the mast-head the royal standard of England. It comes alongside, the British flag is lowered, and hoisted again by the *tricolor*. A few minutes and the barge returns, presenting to the assembled crowds the unwonted sight of the national emblems of the hereditary foes waving peacefully side by side.\*

\* "Un évènement insigne et inattendu," a French writer terms this interview. The *Siècle* contained a most amusing article with reference to the circumstances under which this visit was arranged. The account given by that paper was, that Queen Victoria was exceedingly anxious to spend a few days in Ireland, but to this her Ministers remon-

Underneath their waving folds and beside the old man, sits one just on the eve of womanhood, in the most simple unpretending attire ; a robe of dark purple, a black mantle, her fair Teuton features shaded by a plain straw bonnet. The shouts of "Vive la Reine d'Angleterre," announce the Queen of the Saxo-Norman islanders, whose sceptre stretches over an empire the sun never takes leave of. The old man—who is he ? By turns Duke of Valois, Duke of Chartres, Duke of Orleans, M. Chabaud Latour the schoolmaster, M. Corby the private gentleman, M. Müller the traveller, Lieutenant-general of France, King Louis Philippe.

More nobly freighted than the bark that strated in the strongest manner. The Queen gave way, but with such evident ill-humour, that the prime-minister thought it advisable to plan some other expedition. Just then the Princess Clementine arrived at Windsor, and Queen Victoria expressing a wish to visit France, Clementine said, "Oh ! do come while papa is at the Château d'Eu." "Thus," says the *Siccle*, "the matter was arranged between these two illustrious ladies, *sauf le consentement de ce maudit Sir Peel*." The Queen, proceeds the French journal, finds *ennui* in her island (!) and yearns to visit our opera, our Versailles, our museums, &c.



carried Cæsar and his fortunes, that barge is bearing to the shore, the monarchs of the greatest existing empires, the rulers of the bravest, the freest, the most enlightened peoples of the world, the friends of peace, the champions of civilization.

Thrice only since Normandy was re-annexed to France, had a British monarch paid a friendly visit to a French King on his own soil, and the circumstances attending each meeting are highly instructive, as painting the spirit of each time. The first occasion was when Louis XI. met Edward IV. at Pequigny after the peace of Amiens in 1475. Comines tells us the interview took place on a long narrow island in the Somme, along the whole length of which a palisade had been erected, with interstices wide enough only to admit a man's arm. The monarchs stood on either side, and kissed each other through the bars.

After the royal osculation, Louis jocularly proposed to Edward a visit to Paris, "where," said he, "you shall regale yourself with the ladies, and have plentiful enjoyment of all

kinds ;” “ moreover,” he added, “ I have a worthy cardinal who will absolve you from all your sins.” Edward, however, prudently declined the tempting offer. This was the age of violence, deceit, and mistrust.

The second occasion was the “ Field of the Cloth of Gold ;” when Wolsey brought the despots of England and France together at Guisnes. Collected on the plains of Picardy, the trampled people looked on in stupid wonderment, while exchequers that the sweat of their brows had filled, were exhausted by king and noble in mad extravagance and display. This was the age of despotism, baronial magnificence, and popular degradation.

The third and last occasion we have had the high privilege to see. The interview between Queen Victoria and King Louis Philippe is marked by no warlike precaution, no extravagant splendour, but they were safer in their mutual trust than Edward and Louis with the iron barrier between them, and the lustre shed by the loyalty of their free people, throws the splendour of Henry and Francis into im-

measurable shade. This is the age of good faith, simplicity, and constitutional government.

It was an impressive scene. Here, in the chosen gate of old invasion, on the very spot, where Cæsar with his legions, Hastings with his wild sailors, Edward III. with his knights and yeomen, had in turn descended; here, under the shadow of the old church, where the Frank had often invoked the aid of heaven against the Norman, met the descendants of the ancient enemies, as dear long-parted friends.

Nature, too, seemed to vie with the order and harmony of human things. The sky stretched above without a cloud; without a ripple spread the sea below; every wind was laid asleep. The elements were emulous of the peace of man.

Few fitter spots could have been found to shadow forth the progress of civilization by combining its two great symptoms; Diplomacy for War; Constitutional, instead of Absolute Power.\* In old times her British Majesty

\* The Spanish alliance was at this time in contemplation, and it is generally believed, that if it did not origi-

would probably have come to resolve any questions at issue by the stupid argument of force—in the ridiculous position of the Irish saint who went about with his head in his hand—relying only on the sinews of her “Red Islanders,” and the temper of their steel. To-day the warriors she brings are certain quiet-looking gentlemen in hats and frock-coats, furnished with weapons drawn from the armoury of reason and justice—Lord Aberdeen, commander of the forces.

Heaven, as if to show its independence of human agents, often selects the most unworthy instruments to carry out its grandest purposes. As the sensual tyrant, Henry VIII., was the means of securing to us the gospel in its purity and freedom, so to the cruel Louis XI. the world owes the idea of substituting Persuasion for Force. While his great rival, Charles the Bold, proceeding entirely by violence and appealing incessantly to war, may be regarded as the representative of the system of Force, Louis

nate the visit, the subject entered largely into the topics touched on at the Château d’Eu.

tried the system of Persuasion, appealed to the intellect of man, and endeavoured to prevail through their understandings. The idea soon spread, and from the fifteenth century the history of Europe becomes essentially diplomatic.

A favourite notion of Canning's was the establishment of a kind of Amphyctionic council, composed of deputies from all the states of the world. To its decision all national disputes were to be referred, as a substitute for the appeal to arms.

The realization of this idea it might be visionary to expect; but it is no more than a fair inference from the progress of events, that a day is approaching when the relations between governments shall be controlled as effectually by the Common Sense of all as those of individuals are by the laws of their respective societies. And as the judicial combat, and its modern successor, the duel, have been scouted from society, so War, which is the judicial combat of nations, shall likewise cease to be.

It would be Quakerish and unpatriotic to assert that war must of necessity be a crime.

When waged in defence of our homes and altars, it may be a glory and a virtue, calling forth a thousand lofty qualities, that challenge our admiration; but it never can be otherwise than an evil, and on the part of an unprovoked aggressor is so monstrous a proceeding, that we cannot calmly regard it without marvelling how far our intellect may be perverted, and how near the human nature may descend to the ferocity of the brute. We must pronounce civilization to have made but little way until war shall come to be regarded by all men as equally ferocious and irrational.

Nor does the interview at Le Tréport derive less significance from having brought together, in the persons of Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe, the representatives of the principle of constitutional power. Their royal titles rested on the same foundation. They derived them directly from the people. They were there illustrating the truth that the crowns of France and England were heritage neither of the Bourbon or the Stuart. In the persons of the Orleans and the Guelph, the people had as-

serted their right; thus, as their ancestors of old in the forests of Germany, and the wilds of Scandinavia, reconciling the hereditary with the elective system, by subjecting the family succession to the principle of *detur digniori*.\* The *lions* and the *fleur-de-lys* might still be blazoned by the Dukes of Modena and Bourbon;† but the French and English nations had recorded their fiat in the charter of 1830‡

\* Among all the Teutonic nations the chief power was mixed hereditary and elective, the election being confined to the family of the last sovereign. Sometimes a younger son was preferred, sometimes a brother; but when the royal family was extinct the election was free.

† The representatives respectively of the houses of Stuart and Bourbon. Queen Victoria does not quarter the Plantagenet arms by *right of birth*. The Duke of Modena does.

‡ This was, in fact, the Charter of 1814, with amendments. The preamble of the Charter of 1814 bore, that the constitution thereby created was a gift from the sovereign to the nation. This was suppressed in the Charter of 1830, as incompatible with the sovereignty of the people, by appearing to grant to the French nation rights essentially belonging to them. The substituted preamble purported that the throne was vacant, and that it devolved on the representatives of the nation to provide for it. The declaration made by the English parliament before inviting over William of Orange was to the same effect.

and the Act of Settlement, mocking in every syllable the right divine of kings.

Not long ago I looked upon Le Tréport from the deck of a British yacht, anchored where the royal barge passed that September afternoon. All was silent now. Louis Philippe was at St. Cloud; the island Queen at Osborne House; the royal groups, the courtiers, the diplomatists, the exulting crowd were gone, and the town and harbour lay in their habitual repose; but while I gazed the whole scene came vividly before me, and as the ninth century rose into contrast with the nineteenth, I thought of the thousand years between, and sighed to think how slowly wisdom wins its way through a perverse world, how tardy are the steps of civilization; but still it advances, and will come at last. 'Tis true its progress may be traced by many a costly landmark: we think of all the precious manifestations of the genius, wisdom, and love of the old world that have perished by the way; the noble architectural pile, the vigorous institution, the tender custom; we grieve to remember how many of these have been sacrificed



to the bigotry and prejudice of man; how many might have been spared to feed our hopes for the future, by nourishing our love for the past. Yet, while we grieve for what is lost, we cannot but feel how small its proportion to all that we have gained.

This was one of those occasions in the world's career, so full of hope and pride for man, when a concurrence of circumstances exhibits at one glance the long result of years, and makes us feel there is an Almighty hand, which, through all the wrong, and confusion of existence, is leading out humanity to a glorious destiny of peace and happiness.

Apart from this great fact of an ever-advancing civilization, how insignificant all human achievement! As we remount the stream of time, successive generations and their deeds vanish like bubbles from the surface; but they go to swell the mighty undertide of civilization that flows, profound and ceaseless, onward to its goal.

Taking a philosophical view of those elements that constitute a nation's history—its

institutions, its commerce, its governmental details, its wars—we recognize in them a real value, only according to the degree in which they have influenced that nation's social and moral advancement. Nay, even events detestable in themselves, as anarchy or violence, we can almost forgive their evil nature, if we perceive them to have contributed to the national amelioration. On the other hand, we are compelled to reprobate the most glorious deeds, if they have effected nothing for a nation but power or territorial aggrandizement; and in this view we can conceive that even such names as Thermopylæ and Morgarten may become, in after years, less a glory than a reproach.

Except Christianity, there is no cause to which civilization is so much indebted, as the bold and manly character of those people who overthrew the empire of the Cæsars. Then fell the fabric of the ancient Civilization, and from its ruins arose the New. There remained the genius and the arts of Greece; the political wisdom of Rome, and the Christian Church with its God-given laws. These were the elements derived

from the old world, but now was added the ingredient of the Teuton race, an addition of such power that it changed the character of the whole mass.

Christianity had already in the course of four centuries, conclusively attested its divine origin by the rapidity and extent of its diffusion, and the improved tone of morality exhibited throughout society. It had found the chosen trustees of the truth crouching in abject slavery, sunk in the midnight of infidelity—for it is well known that the Jews had reached the lowest point of moral, as well as political and social degradation at the advent of our Saviour. It had found the two model nations of the world in a bondage more abject still. The chains of sensuality were riveted upon the inhabitants of Greece and Rome. Their religion, never connected with morals, was now become an occasional state ceremony. Their schools, where they sought for some idea of the supreme right as an object for the homage of mankind, were but arenas where the mind vainly wrestled with a bewildering sophistry; in fact, the prin-

ciple at which most of their Doctors had arrived, was that which Christianity found ruling the conduct of the ancient world—*Might is Right*.

To establish the converse of this odious doctrine, the doctrine of the lion and the tiger, was the chief business of Christianity. It came preaching liberty to the captive and sight to the blind, but its great object was the enforcement of the maxim—*Right is Might*; a maxim that long before had been announced by God himself. It is the expression of the “still small voice” that came of old to Elijah in the wilds of Judea, when he learned that the supreme right resided not in power: that the Godhead was not in the stormy wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire.

The Son of the carpenter and his twelve poor apostles came announcing the reign of gentleness and justice. In four centuries had the new doctrines mightily grown and prevailed. At the beginning of the fifth Christianity had taken a constituted form: ceasing to be an individual creed it had become an institution, with a government, revenues, officers,

and councils of its own. At this time it was more than a religion, it was a church. /

Some writers use this circumstance to account for the firmness with which Christianity stemmed the tide of the northern irruption, and the undiminished vigour with which it emerged from the agitations of the period. They maintain that it was the Christian church which saved Christianity at this time; they say that a mere creed or truth could never have survived the shock, and that it required a society powerfully organised and vigorously governed, to struggle successfully against so violent a crisis.

This opinion is sufficiently disproved by the fact that Christianity fell at a later period in Asia, and in the north of Africa, under the Moslem invasion, even when it was an established church, and its constitution was more matured. The truth seems to be that Christianity was safe in its encounter with the Scandinavian nations because it was so congenial to their nature. They everywhere received it gladly and it seemed to take root as in a native soil. The hardy and vigorous temper of body

derived by those nations from the severe climes of their origin, and qualifying them so well to supplant or reinvigorate the degenerate races of the Celts and Romans—this bodily temper was accompanied by a spirit kindred to that of Christianity. In their native unenlightened condition, there was some degree of harshness and even ferocity in their manners, but they were ever characterised by a high deference for woman, strong domestic feelings, and an extreme purity of morals ; and we are, therefore, not surprised to find that the Christian religion experienced in such men her best allies.

When the Teutonic races poured upon more southern latitudes, society necessarily experienced a terrible shock. There was much confusion, violence and misery, for in this world great changes and great sufferings seem to be inseparable ; but it was no more than the clearing of the atmosphere. Through the darkest of the storm we perceive indications of the calm that was to be. Amid the uncongenial circumstances of violence and confusion, we find modern civilization with its character of

justice, gentleness, and order, rising into existence. The heart of man was gradually opening to the influence of Christianity—the high qualities of the Teuton races, made conspicuous in the lives of a Theodoric, an Amalasonta, or Totila,\* and given expression to in the admirable

\* The promise of Theodoric, on his accession to the throne of Italy has been recorded, “that the only regret of the people would be not to have come at an earlier period under the sway of the Goths.” The administration of the three abovenamed princes more than fulfilled this promise, and Grotius remarks, that no province or district in Italy ever voluntarily departed from their allegiance to the Gothic government. There cannot be a more beautiful picture of an excellent administration than that of the Gothic monarchy under Theodoric, which the letters of Cassiodorus, his secretary, have preserved to us. Lord Woodhouselee pronounces him to have been one of the most illustrious characters that ever adorned the annals of history; Sidonius Apollinaris entitles him, “*Romanæ decus columenque gentis.*” His daughter, Amalasonta emulated in every respect the wisdom and equity of her father’s administration, and Totila rivalled them both in the practice of all those princely virtues from which the happiness of nations is derived. The Gothic princes were remarkable for the jealousy with which they watched over the remains of art in the empire. In this respect they seem to have adopted the spirit of a Roman.

laws they framed,\* were beginning to make themselves felt — their reverence for woman was producing its natural result, in exalting the character of domestic life—and, above all, the long-lost sentiment of freedom was reviving in the human soul. The old world had forgotten what it was. In the ancient civilizations, liberty meant nothing but political, municipal liberty. The men of those times derived their portion of freedom not from themselves, but from their connexion with others; they strove for their liberty as citizens, not as men; but the feeling of individual independence, of personal freedom, had long ceased to be an attribute of civilized man. It had passed on the dispersion of mankind to northern latitudes, and there, in vast and severe regions, among hardy nomade

\* The laws of the Visigoths are replete with the most excellent and humane provisions. They are a compilation of jurisprudence well deserving the attention of the lawyer and historian. The same may be said of the laws of the Franks and Lombards, which, indeed, exceed the former in the extent of their views and largeness of their policy. Giannoni and Montesquieu have made very judicious estimates of their merits in the "History of Naples," and "Esp. des Loix."



racés, it was reserved until the time had come when it was again to visit the world, forming the most precious element of modern civilization.

The unavoidable confusion and violence that ensued upon the disruption of the old forms of society, and introduction of new sentiments and principles, lasted with decreasing intensity, for several centuries. About the time of Charlemagne, some degree of order began to appear in the interior of the European territory. The wandering life drew to a close; men became attached to certain localities; these soon assumed the interesting character of domains, to be transmitted to their children; small societies were everywhere formed corresponding with the ideas of the time: a bond of confederation was introduced among these societies; each chieftain was settled on his domains with his family and retainers, while, among the whole body of warlike proprietors a gradation of services and rights was established, connecting all together in a gradual subordination, without, however, interfering with individual independence.

Long before the time here spoken of, the coasts of France had been visited by the restless and daring inhabitants of Scandinavia; but just at this period, they appeared more frequently and in greater numbers than heretofore.

The light thrown on the ancient state of that country, by the researches of northern antiquarians, and the discovery of a great mass of national literature, has served to expose the erroneous views of the mediæval historians, with regard to the causes and extent of the Scandinavian emigrations. The following chapter seems properly to commence with a few passing remarks on this subject.

## CHAPTER II.

CAUSES OF THE NORTHERN EMIGRATIONS.—THE ORDER OF GENTLEMEN.—VITALITY OF THE TEUTONIC PRINCIPLE.—THE LAST RACE.—NORMANDY, ENGLAND IN EMBRYO.—FEUDALISM—ITS DEFECTS—ITS ADVANTAGES.—THE NORMANS SOMETIMES UNJUSTLY JUDGED.

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The waters murmur of their name ;  
The woods are peopled with their fame ;  
The silent pillar, lone and gray,  
Claims kindred with their sacred clay,  
Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkles o'er the fountain ;  
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,  
Rolls mingling with their fame for ever.—*Byron.*

THE historians and geographers of the middle ages fell into a great error in supposing that Scandinavia was the original home of all those tribes who made the Roman Empire their prey ; an error which has been shared by many modern authors. They regarded these migrations, as well as the maritime expeditions of the Northmen, as the natural and necessary outpourings of a country which they assumed to

be thickly peopled. So far, however, from this being the case, it is certain that the population was small in proportion to the extent of territory occupied; the ordinary consequence of a severe climate and unproductive soil. Mankind does not increase and multiply where the means of subsistence are so scanty, and under ungenial skies.

Whence then, those frequent expeditions that so long carried terror and conquest throughout western Europe? Not from the overflowings of a superabundant population, but from those causes that rendered a superabundant population impossible. The art of agriculture was but imperfectly known, and the poverty of the soil was unaided by the industry of man: hence arose a scantiness of food, often deepening into famine, and urging the more bold and enterprising of the sufferers to betake themselves to the sea, and seek their subsistence by piracy.\* This was a most congenial occupation. From a very early period in their history the

\* The history of Scandinavia makes frequent mention of the famines to which the country was subject, and their de-

Scandinavians had been expert mariners. Their tribes were separated one from another by arms of the sea, gulfs, lakes, and rivers, and they could only communicate by means of water. Besides, in their most prosperous seasons they depended for their food principally on fishing, another circumstance necessarily leading to the practice of navigation.

Piracy was further encouraged by the sanction it derived from a warlike religion, and by the example of the princes of the country. He who signalised himself in scenes of danger and death with the enemy was sure of being welcomed to the Walhalla, where none might enter but the brave.

The course that led to earthly wealth and distinction was the same that conducted to the abode of the celestials ; and even here the career of combat ceased not, but was in the creed of Odin, carried on through an eternity of glorious strife.

plorable effects. At this day Norway, and a part of Sweden, depend for their subsistence upon the other countries of Europe.

The system of piracy was, moreover, developed, as I have said, by the example of the northern aristocracy, who looked upon it as the most honourable pursuit in which they could engage. The useful arts were but imperfectly known, education was wrongly directed, and erroneous and perverted opinions prevailed throughout the whole body of society. Peaceful pursuits were held in little esteem. To acquire by force was more honourable than to earn by industry. The nobles of Scandinavia, instead of encouraging their sons to engage in agriculture or any other profitable employment, supplied them with vessels, which they manned and equipped, and scoured the seas, as their fathers had done before them.

At first their expeditions were limited to the states nearest to them, or their exploits confined to attacking the few merchant vessels traversing the neighbouring seas; but having tried their strength in this manner, and, encouraged by their success in these little enterprises, they extended their course southward, and invaded the coasts of France.

It was about the beginning of the ninth century that these Vikingr, these "Rulers of the waves," made their first appearance in these parts. The Great Emperor checked them for a while, but he felt that their free spirit and indomitable energies would soon prove too much for his degenerate Franks. Well might he weep; but bitterer tears had fallen could he have raised the veil from the future, and seen the fairest province severed from his kingdom, and called by the stranger's name—have seen a Norman put an end to the Carlovingian dynasty, and set the son of a butcher\* upon the long dishonoured throne,†

\* Chiamato fui di là ilgo Ciappetta,  
Figliuol fui d'un beccajo di Parigi.

DANTE'S *Purgatorio*, canto 20.

The Academy of the Crusca and Francis I. differ in their reading of this *beccajo*. According to the former it meant a butcher of men, a human butcher; but Francis gave it another interpretation, and, regarding the expression as a slur upon his ancestry, prohibited the reading of Dante in his dominions.

† Richard, the first Duke of Normandy, was Hugh Capet's guardian, and all-powerful at the States-General of Noyon (987), when Lothaire was deposed, and the Count of Paris proclaimed king.

—and have read among things to come, those names that France will remember till a new earth and heaven replace the old ;—Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Waterloo !

By providing a powerful fleet, and thus meeting them on their own element, Charlemagne adopted the only means of coping with the Northmen. And, finding it impossible to make any impression, they withdrew, to return, however, in a few years, more numerous and far more powerful than before.

In the beginning of the ninth century, Halfdan the Black had, from the Prince of a tribe, raised himself into the ruler of a large territory of Southern Norway, by the subjugation and subsequent amalgamation of the neighbouring tribes. This territory he bequeathed to his son, Harald Fairhair, who immediately set about completing the conquest of the whole country, which he finally effected by the battle of the Gulph of Hafur.

On Harald becoming King of Norway, many of the conquered Norwegian chiefs crossed the Dovrine chain, and emigrated towards the east,



but the greater part turned westward, seeking for liberty by the way of the sea, and formed establishments in various parts of the adjacent countries, in Iceland, Ireland, the Shetlands, Orcades, and Hebrides.

Some of the most daring and ambitious directed their course toward England and France, both of which countries were at that time in a condition to invite their attacks. The mal-administration of the Saxon Kings of England had reduced the island to a deplorable state of weakness, and it was forced to adopt the dangerous resource of buying off its Northern invaders. On the other hand, Charlemagne was dead, and in him the guardian spirit of France was departed. His degenerate descendants could offer no effective resistance to the Northmen, and the fatal battle of Fontenai\* left the country entirely at their mercy.

\* La péri de France le fior,  
E des Barons tuit li meillor,  
Ainsi trouvèrent Paenz terre  
Vuide de gent; bonne a cunquerre.

WACE'S *Roman de Rou.*

Now was heard that name of terror—Hastings! the first of those fiery Vikingr who, for three quarters of a century, spread death and devastation through France. He came accompanied by Biærn, son of the fierce Regner Lodbrog. After three months of havoc and pillage, they embarked with an immense quantity of spoil, and continued their course southward. Many years afterwards, Hastings reappears on the scene, and having conquered Touraine, is induced to embrace Christianity, when Charles the Bald puts him in possession of the province of Chartres, as the price of his friendship.

Hastings having continued his course to the south, was replaced in France by Regnier, whom the King bought off by an immense sum of money. He was followed by Godefroy, Roric, Sydroc, Sigefrid, and others, who continued their ravages to the close of the century. It is said that the havoc committed by these men brought the greatest odium upon the Norman name, and rendered it synonymous in the apprehension of the Neustrians, with slaughter and extermination. It is but due,

however, to their memory, to remember that their chroniclers were the monkish historians, who certainly had no great reason to extenuate any of their excesses, and could not be expected to admire the superhuman daring, the grand contempt of danger, and the many magnanimous traits that distinguished, and almost redeemed, their career.

Historic truth, moreover, demands that we should distinguish these men and their followers from the chief and the warriors to whom these pages more especially refer. At the close of the ninth century came Rollo, accompanied by the *élite* of Norway. Unlike the fierce Vikingr who preceded them, advancing along paths of blood, snatching their plunder and departing; they sought a permanent home, they sought a foundation of empire. Chivalrous and free, they came to found a new order—the order of *gentlemen*; to diffuse that spirit of nice honour, which had visited only for a moment the imagination of the older world, in the isolated lives of a Pericles, an Epaminondas, or a Scipio—to exhibit a higher example than the

other Teuton tribes of that reverence for woman, the foundation of earth's chief felicity, a pure and happy home; and most of all to impart fresh stores of that heavenly seed, the germ of all that is valuable to man, whose name is—Liberty.

There would appear to have been always kept up in the severest regions of the world reserves of hardy and vigorous blood preserved from deterioration by every accessory of soil and climate, and the robust habits they engendered. While dignity and energy of soul were departing from the dwellers in soft climes, absorbed in testing all forms of the social relations, and engaged solely in the development of society, the wanderers in high latitudes seem to have been reserved for occasional descents on the languishing life of the south, to contribute to the cause of civilization those qualities essential to the development of the individual man. Thus the Tartars, and after them the Moguls, replaced or absorbed the ancient Chinese, the western Scythians the Medes, the Scandinavians the Celts and Romans.

Whatever aid civilization was to receive by the introduction of new races from the north, that aid was now exhausted. The contribution, so to speak, furnished during the Middle Ages, as it was the noblest so it was the last. Looking round the globe, we can discover no nations qualified to take the place of those now occupying the European territory.\* There is reason, therefore, to believe, at least there is room for conjecture, that the process of nation supplanting nation has ceased from the plan of Providence.

\* There seems little ground for believing that any destiny in this direction awaits the Slavonic race. Under the curse of a long course of despotism, the energies of the Russian people have been permanently paralysed ; they have lost even the desire to shake off their chains. The genius of liberty inherent in the Teutons, was nourished by their free institutions ; if a similar spirit ever glowed in the souls of the Slavonians, long years of servitude have quenched its light, and an immigration of such a people would import slavery, not freedom, where it came. Russia, from her vast weight, stolid and imperturbable character, may be strong to resist, but in attack she is powerless. The campaign of 1829 has taught her how feeble is that strength that is founded on the brute force of armies, and wielded by a despotic government. A three month's campaign against half-naked barbarians and mouldering walls, dashed

Everything seems to favour the continuance of the present European nations. They are located in the most healthy zone of the world: under the influence of those motives that religion supplies, man has learned to tame his appetites and passions, and thus secure against its worst enemy his perishable frame, while the medical art grapples each day more successfully with those evils that no prudence or temperance can avert. Lastly, the conservative power of the Teutonic principle seems to promise them an abiding existence. On the continent the Teutons, compared with the Celts and Romans, were few; but notwithstanding this the spirit of the northern race leavened in some degree all the institutions. In Germany it has always existed vigorously, Prussia has lately betrayed its presence by admitting

the pride of Russian ambition. The veterans of the north fled before the peasantry of Asia, and 50,000 Russian corpses, three armies utterly disabled, enormous financial losses, and the military glory, bought by the blood of a century, tarnished for ever—such were the monuments of her Turkish war.

the people to a share in the government, and the unextinguished genius of the Goths and Normans has seized the opportunity of an enlightened pontiff to erect a kind of parliament, even in belated, trampled Italy. Then look at England. Have fourteen centuries introduced one symptom of decay? Have her children in honour, courage, perseverance, energy, proved unworthy of their Teuton fathers? On every soil, in every climate, amid the everlasting snows of North America, the relaxing Australian atmosphere, under Afric's burning sky, we find them still the same; brave, vigorous and enduring. Can even Norman annals produce a more dazzling episode than the recent campaign of the Sutej? A countless host endued with extraordinary bravery and hardihood, supplied with every advantage of equipment and commissariat, and incomparably the most formidable force of artillery ever brought into action—swept in three short months from the face of the land; routed, annihilated! In all these symptoms there is no feature of decay. The Teutonic spirit retains its primeval vigour,

and it is natural to think that henceforward *measures* will change, not *men*. As the individual with his idiosyncracies dies, but the family with its distinctive spirit remains, so classes with their peculiar ideas and manners shall depart, while the nation and the national spirit abides. Thus we have seen the feudal baron, the courtier wit, even the "good old English gentleman," pass away, while the nation remains, and the Teutonic spirit is immortal.

The progress of the Teuton races, then, awakens an interest akin to, though infinitely greater than that with which we should watch the efforts of an army's last reserve brought up for action,—the final hope of some mighty cause. We feel a breathless conviction that every man must do his best, or all is lost. The Teuton races, and we their descendants, are the world's last reserve. To us the cause of Civilization is entrusted. Humanly speaking, unless we do it, the work of Providence will not be done.

The Normans were the last contingent of this last reserve. To them we have succeeded.



We fill their post, and if we perform its duties in our generation as nobly as they in theirs, we shall not have lived in vain. While we have reason to be proud of the prominent part that England has ever borne in the progress of civilization, and exult at the long array her annals furnish of the brave and good, let us cherish the memory of those men from whom are derived the finest characteristics of the Englishman. The best qualities that distinguish him find their germ in the genius of the Norman race. In that history is foreshadowed our own. And, therefore, it is not alone for its stirring vicissitudes, its romantic dangers, and that spirit of chivalry pervading its action, that we pause over their career ; nor because they were the greatest men the world ever saw, that we linger reverently through the aisles once echoing their tread, by the columns once darkened with their shadows, the fortresses that sheltered them in life, the tombs where their ashes lie—it is because the same blood flows in our veins that each object connected with their memory excites an interest the mysteries of old

Egypt, the Grecian's glory, or the Roman's power fail to inspire.

We find in the isolated life of the feudal baron, recalled by each lonely castle, a fit school for the training up of those domestic affections ever characteristic of the Teuton race :\* each blackened hearth presents to us the spot where, at night returning from the chase, the wife's welcome awaited the warrior, and he felt through all his stern nature the blessing of family ties, and a heart that was all his own. In the domestic feelings once cherished and sheltered within those mouldering walls, we recognise the germ of the true affections that have almost given back our lost paradise in the English home. In the customs † guiding their civil conduct, we find the

\* It is worthy of remark that the word *baron* is, in feudal language synonymous with *husband*: so identified was the domestic character with the warrior of those days.

† Custom, which implies free and universal assent, was the essence of the Teuton law, as of its derivative, the common law of England. The body of laws compiled by Rollo, and still prevailing in the Channel Islands, is called "Le Grand Customier."

elements of our own liberal laws, and in their free systems of government,\* the grounds of that polity that has occasioned Montesquieu to declare, that "England was the only land in the universe where political and civil liberty were the very end and scope of the constitution." Finally, it is to those men that England owes that spirit of honour and chivalry which has made her good faith a proverb to the remotest corners of the earth, constituted her the champion of the oppressed all over the world, and placed her foremost among the nations on the path to universal civilization.

That such was the influence of those men upon their descendants, seems to be now generally conceded. Yet some there are who take quite a different view of the matter, regarding as a romantic enthusiast any one who eulogises that time and people. There are

\* The legislative power of the Teutons was vested in the society at large. "De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes." The limitation of the executive power was a first and essential principle in all their systems of government. "Nec regibus infinita, aut libera potestas," was the fundamental maxim.—Tac. de Mor. Ger.

those who refuse to acknowledge any merit in the times of chivalry, or that we owe anything to the Norman race; and who conceive that humanity was amply furnished for its destiny in the elements of the ancient world, without this infusion of the Middle Ages. There are people even who regard the Normans, and everything relating to them, with a kind of hatred. Nor is this difficult to account for. They confound the men with the fugitive forms and fleeting customs of their time. Detesting feudalism, they extend their dislike to those associated with that system; and yet that that system was the only possible social state at that time, is abundantly demonstrated by the universality of its establishment; so necessary was it, so inevitable a consequence of the anterior state, that elements the most foreign to the system entered into it and adopted its form. The Church, Royalty, Municipality, all accommodated themselves to it. Churches become superiors and vassals, towns had vassals and lords, and Royalty assumed the guise of paramount lordship.

Seeing the feudal form thus take possession of society, we are induced to believe that its principle was also powerful, but this is a great error. Its principle never was very strong nor deep-rooted. It was opposed equally to order and liberty, and had no affinity with the Norman spirit. It was felt to be but a provisional state. Its chief merit was military, and, accordingly, while the Normans occupied a province of France, the feudal system was strictly preserved, and the strength thereby conferred upon the community, enabled them successfully to resist the whole power of the Frank empire, with whom, during that time, they were almost constantly at war. When the Normans passed to England an attempt was made by William and his sons to convert the obligations and duties incident to the feudal system into rights and institutions; but there was no security for these institutions; these rights lacked an efficient guarantee. To protect them, there was neither despotism nor free government, the only two possible systems of political guarantees. The king was but the first of the

suzerains, and in no condition to impose law upon the others, or enforce obedience; and a free-government was obviously out of the question, because those prerogatives were regarded as private which are essentially vested in society as a body, each fief-holder exercising on his own domain the rights of legislation, taxation, and punishment. There was no recognition of a public general power; and it was from this last feature of the feudal system arose mainly, I apprehend, that hatred with which the lower orders have always regarded it. No man in this western world (to their honour be it spoken) has ever recognised the right of sway in one individual, as such, over another. To theocratical and monarchical absolutism we have seen men submit and even become attached; in them the power was felt to be wielded by virtue of principles common to the subject and the ruler. It was exercised in the right of a power superior to all human powers, speaking and acting as the representative of divinity; but subjection to the capricious will of an individual—to the authority

of man as man—has never been patiently endured. Such a power is felt to be a hateful usurpation, and never has won, never will win, anything but a constrained obedience.

The feudal system then was of necessity transitory. After its importation to England it soon lost its severer qualities. That peculiar organization ceased to be necessary to a people no longer in a perpetual attitude of defence, and it soon came to be regarded less as a military plan, than a civil establishment. Then its radical defects appeared, and institutions so opposed in principle to the progress of social amelioration, could not be tolerated by men endued with the Teuton spirit. We must, however, receive with caution the accounts transmitted by Saxon writers respecting the feudal system in England, where, in fact, it never prevailed in its severer form.\* These

\* Sometimes the Seignorial Courts are represented as mockeries of justice, where passion and caprice alone presided; but it is quite certain that there were judicial officers in all these courts, and these *seneschals*, as they

writers naturally regard with disfavour the system introduced by their conquerors, and draw a picture of feudal lawlessness and oppression that would be terrible to contemplate, if it at all resembled the original. They would have us believe that civilization barely escaped destruction from its clutches. No man, however, unless he be perverted or ignorant, can be blind to the fact, that there was considerable merit in this system while it lasted, and that it exercised a most salutary influence upon the individual character of man, his sentiments, and ideas. Those who look only to the consequences called, belonging to a class very little, and in many instances not at all inferior to that of the feudal lord, are not likely to have been his tools, should he even have been inclined to oppression. Indeed, the general respect in which their decisions were held, proves that they were commonly guided by the justice of the case. As to the degree of liberty enjoyed by the mass of the people, it must be admitted to have been very limited; but then were they fitted for it? Can there be a greater curse to a people than the gift of freedom before they are ripe for its enjoyment? How many blessings may be withheld from us, for the same reason—some we desire; some of which we do not even dream, and of which our posterity may be considered worthy?



dition of the mass of the population at that time, and the obstacles feudalism presented to the establishment of order and liberty, forget that civilization has two aspects — that to it belongs the development of humanity, no less than that of the social state. All the capabilities of society had been fathomed, so to speak, by the ingenuity of the ancient world; but feudalism came to aid what Christianity had begun, and exercised an extraordinary influence on man himself. The histories of that period are full of great actions and noble sentiments, and it was within the folds of feudalism that those lofty generous principles, in which the essence of chivalry lies, sprung to maturity; nor must we forget that, while the monasteries were preserving the precious monuments of Greek and Roman genius, the recesses of the castles witnessed the first essays of poetry and literature, and fostered within their walls of strength the earliest burst of the European imagination.

These observations are, however, not by any means intended as an advocacy of such a sys-

tem. If it were possible, I would be far from desiring to bring back forms and institutions adapted only to a time of violence and insecurity. But surely to acknowledge what we owe to these times, is very different from a wish for their revival, or a regret that they have passed away. This would be puerile indeed. They accomplished their purpose, and why should we mourn their departure? When they had performed their part in the great scheme of Providence, it was time they should quit the stage.

At all events, let us not ascribe to the Normans any undue sympathy with the transitory forms and customs of their time. Let us cease to regard them as imbued with a narrow and arrogant spirit, opposed to the dignity and independence of the people, the interests of learning, and the arts, and jealous of the energies and enterprise of commerce; but rather remember that they are ever represented by history, as the watchful vindicators of those laws by which the meanest individual is protected from the wrongs and insults of the

greatest—the founders and guardians of the monasteries, without whose shelter the treasures bequeathed to posterity by the ancient intellect, would have perished for ever—nor let us forget that the great Charter, wrung sword in hand by the Norman barons from King John, contains among its provisions, an article to which English commerce mainly owes its early and rapid development.\* Very different from the genius of the Roman people, who, in their manners, their constitution, and even in their laws, treated commerce as a dishonourable employment, prohibiting its exercise to persons of birth, rank, or fortune,† and equally

\* Mag. Ch. c. 30. The protection given to foreign merchants by this provision had a most salutary effect upon the commerce of the country. Montesquieu comments on the article with admiration. “The English have made the protection of *foreign* merchants one of the articles of their *national* liberty.” And he observes, that “the English know better than any people on earth how to value these three great advantages—religion, liberty, and commerce.”

† “Nobiliiores natalibus, et honorum luce conspicuos, et patrimonio ditiores, perniciosum urbibus mercimonium exercere prohibemus.”—C. 4, 63, 3.

different from the bigotry of the canonists, who looked on trade as inconsistent with Christianity,\* and determined at the council of Melfi, under Urban II., 1090, that it was impossible with a safe conscience to exercise any traffic, or follow the profession of the law.†

\* “Homo mercator vix aut nunquam potest Deo placare : et ideo nullus Christianus debet esse mercator ; aut si voluerit esse, projiciatur de ecclesia Dei.”—Decret. 1, 88, 11.

† “Falsa sit pœnitentia (laici) cum penitus ab officio curiali vel negotiali non recedit, quæ sine peccatis agi ulla ratione non prævalet.”—Act. Concil. apud Baron. c. 16.

## CHAPTER III.

PREFACE TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—CHRONOLOGICAL  
ROUTE.—A WORD ON ARCHITECTURE.—FOOTSTEPS OF THE  
NORMANS.

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A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet,  
It is the distant and the dim,  
That we are fain to greet.

*R. M. Milnes.*

Depuis l'origine des choses l'architecture est le grand  
livre de l'humanité.

*V. Hugo.*

They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build.

*Wordsworth.*

THE town of Eu is situated on the river  
Bresle, a mile and a half from Le Tréport. In  
ancient times it stood upon the shore of a bay,  
running inland as far as the walls, but succes-  
sive deposits from the river have dispossessed

the sea, converting it into a rich valley, where fertile meadow, corn-field, and verdant hedges, form a smiling landscape. A line of hills runs up at each side, enclosing the valley. Near the head, where the hills approach each other, lies Eu, with its château and abbey, surrounded by dark woods, forming a magnificent back-ground to the prospect as you advance on the road from Le Tréport.

Along that road canters a little Norman pony: a British yacht is disappearing round the headland: the yacht has deposited the individual who has the honour to address you—the pony is bearing him towards Eu. Accompany us awhile through this domain of great recollections. It may be the “*sangre azula*” flows in your veins; but, at all events, as one English-born, you have an interest in the names of Rollo, Richard the Fearless, The Conqueror, and Cœur de Lion; those thrilling memories are part of a Briton’s inheritance, for they are the early title-deeds of Britain’s glory.

You have, it may be, wandered to the far sepulchres of Egyptian kings, and, under the

skies of Greece and Rome, mused beside the graves of heroes; you have, perhaps, spent many an hour in the Pagan shrines of Isis, Pallas, and Mars; you have made yourself familiar with the history of antiquity, the career of the men of old, the "biography of the dead."

Turn now to the "biography of the living." Great spirits of modern history hover over this land. Its most brilliant page is before us—that career of conquest from Rollo to Cœur de Lion, called the Norman history—the dazzling preface to the history of England. In spite of Calvinistic spoliation, and Revolutionary frenzy, Normandy has preserved a few monuments which recall and, in some degree, illustrate that brilliant page. Let us wander by the places where her early dukes were laid to rest, evoking from the dust those noble characters, too little known, too often shaded. Let us linger by each time-worn arch, each crumbling aisle, and see the spirit of that race expressed in the houses they raised to God.

The era lying between Rollo and Cœur de

Lion is filled by characters and events peculiarly representing those qualities distinctive of the Norman race, and we may hope in some degree to re-animate those characters, and realize those events, as we visit in succession the spots with which their memory is especially connected. Our wanderings, therefore, are bounded by Eu and the Château Gaillard, the latter was the favourite residence of the Lion Heart, and the latest stronghold of the Normans in France. At Eu, Rollo breathed his last.

In thus descending, as it were, the stream of time, by the monuments that remain to mark its course, we review the lives of the first five Norman Dukes, and taste something of the high pleasure that arises from drawing into light the forgotten merits of the illustrious dead. We bring into one connected view the career of those remarkable men, under whose wise conduct and fostering care the early Norman race was consolidated, and its character developed, before it was prepared to pass on into England, where, mingling with the Saxon, it found a final home. Our expedition closes with a visit to the





church of Jumièges, where the grave of Agnes Sorel naturally reminds us of the failure of those attempts made by England through the course of a century, to regain a permanent footing in France. For a brief period this seemed to be effected; but Agincourt was the flash of the lamp before it dies; France was saved by the heroism of Joan of Arc, and the love of Agnes; as the grave closed upon the last, the Norman quitted the French soil for ever.

Sir Edward Coke, indeed, in his fourth Institute, informs us, that the crown of England hath not lost its right of entry upon the province of Normandy, maintaining that it is still competent to recover in ejectment against his most Catholic Majesty, in due form of law; for, saith the learned judge, “The possession of Guernsey, Jersey, Sark, and Alderney, *is seisin enough for all the rest.*” That would be a glorious lawsuit. At present, however, we can do no more than recommend the matter as we pass by, to the serious attention of the Foreign Office.

To the ecclesiastical monuments of this period a profound interest is attached, for they



belong exclusively to that simple, solemn mode of architecture termed the Norman style, and must be regarded as highly characteristic of the national genius. Till the end of the twelfth century the circular form reigned supreme. It was not till afterwards that eastern notions were imported to mar that noble shape, poorly compensating in picturesque beauty for all they took away of moral effect.

Architecture is in all countries the most striking feature, for from it they derive their moral physiognomy. We find, for the most part, reflected there the distinctive qualities of the race to which the architects belonged. In times when writing was an art confined to a few, and printing unknown, architecture was one of the modes by which the national mind found expression, and accordingly it is one of those lineaments by which we always characterise a people in our imagination. Victor Hugo admirably expresses this character of architecture : — “ Depuis l'origine des choses jusqu'au quinzième siècle de l'ère chrétienne inclusivement, l'architecture est le grand livre

de l'humanité, l'expression principale de l'homme à ses divers états de développement, soit comme force, soit comme intelligence. . . . Tandis que Dedale, qui est la force, mesurait, tandis qu'Orphée, qui est l'intelligence, chantait, le pilier qui est une lettre, l'arcade qui est une syllable, la pyramide qui est un mot, mis en <sup>re</sup> mouvement à la fois par une loi de géométrie et par une loi de poésie, se groupaient, se combinaient, s'amalgamaient, descendaient, montaient, se juxtaposaient sur le sol, s'étageaient dans le ciel, jusqu'à ce qu'ils eussent écrit sous la dictée de l'idée générale d'une époque, ces livres merveilleux qui étaient aussi de merveilleux édifices—la pagode d'Eklinga, le Rhamseion d'Egypte, le temple de Salomon."

The Norman style of ecclesiastical architecture was peculiarly characteristic of that race. It especially reflected one pervading dominant sentiment of the Norman mind — Perpetuity. The sentiment was doubtless innate, but all the appearances of nature by which he was surrounded concurred to strengthen and exalt it. The long nights, the unending frosts, the boundless

forests, the limitless wilds, all tended to nourish the idea of perpetuity. The rugged soil, and un pitying climate, continually weaned his desires from a fleeting existence, and long before his acquaintance with that religion which brought "immortality to light," the Norman looked to the everlasting halls of Odin as the recompense of his woes. This sentiment of perpetuity gave a tone to everything. Hence arose the tendency to institutions, with which he ever sought to eternize the societies he formed. From this arose his strong family spirit, and jealous commemoration of ancestry; and as it inspired his love of institutions and genealogies, so it was expressed in the salient feature of the architectural style that bears his name—the circular arch.

This remarkable form did not originate with the Teuton races, though it was by them first applied to its legitimate purpose as the principal member of a Christian Church. Centuries before Christ the arch was in use among the builders of Egypt and Asia.\* It was forced

\* The late discoveries at Nimrood have placed the age

upon the dull Roman by mechanical necessities, when he sought support for his stupendous works; but hitherto it had been applied only to base purposes. These men knew not the blessed shape within their grasp. But the Teuton consecrated it at once. That line that every sun and star traces in its course, that majestic form of the apparent vault of heaven, hitherto the only canopy of his place of prayer, and associated with all that was most sacred in his mind, this holy shape the Teuton found debased to ignoble uses, and, rescuing it from the fosse, the aqueduct, and the sudarium, he bade it bend above him as he uttered his new-learned creed; a copy of the arch under which his fathers prayed—the sky.

The Teuton was accustomed to worship in the open air \* in the great temple of nature. When he knelt among the sublime features

of the arch at least as far back as the Homeric age. Sir G. Wilkinson gives good reasons for attributing a very much earlier date even than this to some arches in Egypt.

\* “*Cæterum nec cohibere parietibus deos, neque in ullam humani oris speciem assimilare, ex magnitudine cœlestium arbitrantur.*”—Tac. de Mor. Gen.

of arctic scenery and raised his eyes in prayer, he saw above him the arched vault of heaven, whose spring was the horizon, and whose pillars the colossal crags. When he descended into lower latitudes and embraced such a religion as Christianity, with services, consisting of reading, preaching, and social prayer, and necessarily demanding an enclosed and covered shrine, then the old impressions revived, the primary type protruded itself. The Teuton felt that any edifice hiding the throne where dwelt the Object of his prayer, should take as much as possible the form of the heaven they shut out. Thus in the circular forms and massive character of the Lombard and Saxon styles,\* we trace a transcript, as it were, of their old places of worship. The essential form in the Norman style was the same, but it displayed greater prominence, as well as greater refinement, and the accompanying members took a loftier character. The adoption of the round arch by the Norman

\* It can hardly be denied that Mr. Rickman's researches have authenticated a sufficient number of Saxon specimens to justify the designation of a *style*.

was as much the result of his æsthetic instinct as a reference to the primary type. When he encountered the architectural forms of the old world the analogy of the round arch to that great dome that had so long bent over his place of prayer would probably have secured its introduction to his religious edifices as with the Lombard and Saxons; but with the Normans the arch had a further significance than this simple reference to a primary type. His instinct at once recognised it as symbolising the sentiment of perpetuity, of eternity, that penetrated and purified his soul, and his taste recognised its suitability for the purposes of a Christian church. Under the influence of this favourite form the interior of the Norman churches grew into great suggestions of strength and repose. The worshippers, weak and world-weary, lifted up their eyes in comfort, for they met everywhere above them types of Almighty Power and Eternal Rest.

Bearing in mind this typical character of their forms, we shall perceive how clearly the Norman architects apprehended the true princi-

ples of construction applicable to a Christian church. The superiority in their art consisted less in abstract beauty than in its religious suitability, an excellence which Mr. Coleridge well sums up in these words:—"Their cathedrals were petrifications of Christianity."

Are, then, these beautiful oriental innovations to carry us away altogether? Are we all to relinquish respect for those features so solemn, simple, and sublime? Must we every one bow down and worship the Saracenic novelty, and, in spite of our natural instincts, be drawn into the fashionable opinion that the Norman style is but an unenlightened, rudimental, pointed? Is the theory so unassailable, the authority so weighty, that it should annul the sentence of our souls?

If it be true there is an ideal in every branch of art, I hold the Norman style to be that ideal in ecclesiastical architecture. Only see how rapid and terrible was the declension when once the true principles of the art were departed from. The pointed arch of the Sara-



cens was the first innovation: this was accompanied by a relinquishment in the mouldings and capitals of the Norman simplicity. Henceforward we trace a gradual declension until we arrive at the hideous Tudor arch, with its attendant enormities. Then comes the terrible Inigo Jones, with his Italianism, and so the curtain falls on Christian architecture.\*

I know that this opinion of pointed architecture will seem heresy to some. I am aware there are many who regard what is called the Pointed Style,† in contradistinction to the

\* It is highly satisfactory to perceive in the present day a recurrence to the principles of Norman architecture. Several new churches lately built in Wales, as well as in other parts of the country, and one or two on the east side of London, are very tolerable specimens of the Norman style.

† It is very unfair to apply the term *Gothic* to this style. That term originated with the Italian writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth century, who, full of their own miserable *orders*, applied the expression, *Maniera Gotica*, as a term of contempt to the beautiful buildings of the Middle Ages. Sir C. Wren, from professional prejudice, adopted the term, and the man who built that pagan temple, St. Paul's, had the audacity to sneer at a style of which the Holy Trinity at Caen and the cathedral at Canterbury are specimens.

Norman with a kind of idolatry, nay, even theories, and those the most distressing, have been started, with a view of appropriating to the Normans themselves the *merit* (as some call it) of inventing the pointed arch.

Now the fact is that the pointed arch was invented long before the round one. The first escape from horizontality must have been in this form, which is of the most simple construction, arising at once from the use of stones superimposed and gradually projecting, whereas the round arch requires a knowledge of at least the rudiments of geometry. Accordingly we find the pointed arch in some of the earliest structures of the Normans, for instance, at Dover Castle, Chilham Castle in Kent, and Orford Castle in Suffolk; but we never find it in their churches until after the time of Cœur de Lion, which proves that in the pure era of the Norman art it was felt to be an unsuitable form for a Christian temple, and by no means fit to replace that type of eternity and strength they were accustomed to employ. Let me, therefore, strive to vindicate for the

Norman style in contradistinction to what I may call *Puginism*, that pre-eminence which I think to be its meed, for I can never be convinced that the pointed arch is a development, but, on the contrary, a perversion of the principle under whose inspiration the architect of the Norman or round arch worked; or rather it is the introduction of a new principle altogether,—the one, the product of a mind whose dominant faculties were reason and faith, finding a type in that form which canopied the great temple of nature,—the other projected by a fervid imagination, bearing in its shape internal evidence of its birth-place, the South, from which it unquestionably came,—beautiful indeed, but earthly in its beauty, and in the effect it produces on the soul—according well with the warm dreamy worship of the Saracen, but inappropriate for the purposes of that religion which “casteth down imaginations.”

Still, though surrounded by Norman monuments, and attended by the great memories that float over the soil, it requires some effort of imagination at all to realize the past, so has the

new *régime* impressed its character on all things. It is not merely that now you wander through the departments of the Seine Inferieure, Eure, Calvados, Orne, and La Manche,\* and would as much endeavour in England to convey the idea of any geographical limit, by speaking of the kingdoms of Mercia, or the West Saxons, as in France by naming Normandy. It is not this, it is the sense of an iron centralization everywhere surrounding you,—the omnipresent tyranny of the capital. You feel that the whole political, moral, and intellectual activity of the nation is concentrated at one point,—the town is everything, the country nothing.

It was far otherwise when the Normans held the land. Then were there hearts in every remote domain, spirits in field and forest, who never forgot for a moment their birthright of self-government, without which their dear country-life would have wanted half its charms. They taught the lesson to England, which, blessed be God, she has never forgotten,—

\* These five departments compose the ancient province of Normandy.

never will forget;—but here—why the very first road you canter along announces an all-pervading centralization at which the spirit of an Englishman revolts. Such are all the roads. They look the Briareus arms of the monster, whose lair is the capital. We think affectionately of our own winding highways, bending obsequiously to the rights, and even the sentiments of proprietors, marking the presence of strong local influences, and the power of country gentlemen at sessions, or in parliament, to interfere between the convenience of the state, and the destruction of some ancestral park or favourite tree.

Still, though the spirit of the Norman race had been drafted away to England, something of its influence remained. The present inhabitants of the province are indeed no more to the men who followed Rollo from his frozen mountains than the Thames at Wapping to the pure fountain that issues from the cold granite in the Cotswold Hills; but the stamp of the Teutonic principle has never been effaced. We see it in the energy and perse-

verance by which the present occupiers of the district are honourably distinguished from the rest of France; in their steady practical habits of life; in their comparatively staid and quiet demeanour; in that manufacturing and commercial pre-eminence they owe mainly to the free institutions, of which all the vicissitudes of the empire have never entirely deprived them; and, lastly, in that protesting spirit which in this province so long watched with jealousy over liberty of conscience.\* Therefore, though England received the Norman, and the Revolution has completely severed this people from preceding history, yet all these points of affinity call up associations in keeping with the memories and the monuments around, enabling us in some degree at least to realize those days.

\* How extensively the Reformation had taken root in Normandy is proved by the fact, that after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, no fewer than 185,000 Normans emigrated from the province.

## CHAPTER IV.

EU FROM THE HILL-SIDE CHAPEL.—ITS CHURCH.—MONUMENTS OF THE GUISES.—TO-DAY.—THE PAST.—THEIR CONNECTION.—HISTORY OF THE TOWN AND CHATEAU.—DESCRIPTION.—LOUIS PHILIPPE—DUKE OF VALOIS—OF CHARTRES—OF ORLEANS.—CHABAUD-LATOUR THE SCHOOL-MASTER.—CORBY.—MULLER.—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OF FRANCE.—KING.

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Adieu to thee, fair *Eu!* how long delighted  
 The pilgrim fain would linger on his way,  
 Thine is a scene alike where souls united,  
 Or lonely contemplation thus might stray.

*Byron.*

And if they *will* adore a King,  
 The honest man who rules them now,  
 Deserves a little worshipping

*Voices from the Crowd.*

THERE are few lovelier scenes than the town of Eu, viewed from the little chapel on the hill that shuts it in on the side of Picardy. “It stands embosomed in a happy valley,” not, how-

ever, "crowned by high woodlands," for the hills on either side are bleak and treeless, but just about the town and the château dark rich forests discover themselves, forming, with the undulations of the soil, and the windings of the river, a landscape of uncommon beauty. Its aspect of tranquillity is delicious. This was its prominent feature upwards of six hundred years ago.

One of the Irish princes had incurred the displeasure of Henry II., and Laurent, Archbishop of Dublin, was dispatched on a mission of reconciliation. Disembarking at a neighbouring port, he advanced towards Eu; on ascending the eastern hill he saw the town and castle calmly reposing in the dark bosom of the woods, while the church looked serenely down, like a good angel keeping watch over their rest. Struck with the scene of peaceful beauty, he exclaimed, "Behold the place of my eternal rest." That rest was near. He lived just long enough to conduct his mission to a successful termination, and then returning to Eu, he died. His tomb, the annals



tell us, became the scene of numerous miracles ; pilgrims crowded to the spot, bringing with them the most costly offerings. The priests soon found themselves in a condition to replace the ancient church by one much larger and more magnificent. It was dedicated to the archbishop, upon whom the Court of Rome conferred the honour of canonization. For several centuries a cross of red sandstone marked the spot where the saint caught the first sight of Eu. The little chapel on the hill-side has replaced the cross.

In the first church the early counts of Eu were buried, and it witnessed the spousals of William the Conqueror with Matilda. The pavement of the second was worn by the best and highest in the church, by warriors of the cross, and princes and kings without end. The present is the third edifice, for the church raised by the profits of St. Laurent's miracles, was destroyed by lightning in 1456, with the exception of the west portal and pediment. This much is a pleasing specimen of the early ogive, but the remainder was built at an epoch

when the ogive had lost its early simplicity, and the Gothic principle was beginning to run wild.

The west front is composed of three ogival entrances, surmounted exactly by three ogival windows; that over the central entrance is composed of twenty-four compartments, filled with magnificent stained glass of Sèvres manufacture; each setting sun flings the gorgeous colours through the long aisle, bathing the altar in a flood of glory. The windows over the lateral doors are divided into two compartments by a column of exquisite proportions. The whole *façade* is supported by four granite pillars, crowned with small pyramidal roofs in stone. The only ornaments are a few *cordons* and vine-leaves, carved on the archivolt of the principal gate.

In the crypt underneath the choir and sanctuary lie the marble effigies of the Artois Count of Eu, their wives and children. St. Laurent has his place here too. They are represented, for the most part, recumbent, and

“Palm to palm on their tranquil breast,”

suggesting a comparison with the theatrical

monuments in the chapel above, very unfavourable to the *renaissance des arts*.

At the other side of the market-place is the old college of the Jesuits, founded by Henry I., Duke of Guise. Close by is a church called "La Chapelle du College." Here Bourdaloue preached his first sermon, and here he ministered until his talents procured him the fatal notice of the Court, and bade him exchange the seclusion of Eu for the glare and trials of the metropolis. The church was erected by Catharine of Cleves, and possesses little architectural interest, but is remarkable for its two monuments, the work of Germain Pilon, on which he seems to have exerted all the powers of his fervid imagination.

As a mere work of art, these monuments are excellent, though so inappropriate as memorials of the dead. The pure taste of the eleventh and twelfth centuries shrank from the mockery of recording man's poor glory on the very slab that perpetuated his nothingness. The just perceptions of that era revolted at such an incongruity. The statuaries of those ages laid

but one image on the tomb of the mightiest men. They rightly felt that the prostrate form with clasped hands raised to heaven, exhausted the eloquence of monumental marble, for it was the simple expression of our helplessness and our hope.

Nevertheless, as an abstract effort of the sculptor's chisel, these tombs are worthy of a little examination. They commemorate Henry of Lorraine, and his wife, Catharine of Cleves. A series of persecutions directed against the House of Lorraine, followed the assassination of Henry, at Blois. Catharine and her daughter withdrew from the storm, to the soft shelter of Eu. Inconsolable, as the widow of Mausoleus, for the death of her husband, her "*non pair du monde*," she resolved, with the feeling of Artemisia, to perpetuate his memory by a magnificent tomb. Two cenotaphs were executed by her command: that consecrated to Henry remains a cenotaph still, for his ashes were cruelly denied her; the other ere long received her stricken heart.

The monument erected to Henry is sup-

ported by two emblematical figures embodying Strength and Religion; that raised to Catharine is flanked by two similar figures, representing Faith and Prudence. They are placed under an arch at either side the end of the choir, and represent the dead in two attitudes—above, they are kneeling towards the altar; below, under a marble estrade, their statues are extended, leaning on their elbows in the semblance of sleep. The countenance of the duke is strikingly expressive of that calm intrepidity that characterized his life. The duchess has just expired; her beautifully-chiselled mouth is half open, her head, drooping on her hand, presents the graceful outline of the neck and bust.\* Innumerable bas-reliefs decorate the whole. Upon the tomb of Catharine they exhibit all the paraphernalia of a funeral—the vase of holy water, with the sprinkling-brush; the sacristan's spade, the fatal bell, the death taper: while on Henry's they

\* The material is Genoa marble. By a curious circumstance a black vein runs across the cheek of Catharine; it would exactly have represented the *balafre* of the Duke.

take the shape of battles, as if the sculptor, in the Homeric spirit, would represent his disembodied soul, still rejoicing in the fight. Over both the figures, the priedieux, and the plinths, are strewed the *fleur de lys* of Bourbon, the crosses of Jerusalem, the golden pomels of Cleves, the barbels of Lorraine, and the lions of the House of Guise.

The well-developed idea of these monuments, the beauty of the Grecian lines, the expression of the heads, the rich tone and flexibility of the draperies, make these monuments well worth a visit, and the mournful memories they awaken cause one to linger beside them.

The sixth century is assigned as the date of the town of Eu. Under the Merovingians, it was the capital of that part of Neustria, called *Le Talou*. At that time the sea, now two miles distant, approached close to the town, which was of considerable maritime importance; Dieppe, Abbeville, or St. Valery not yet existing.

Calm though its aspect, it has a place in some of the stormiest pages of French history. Its seaward position on the one hand, and

proximity to the capital on the other, made it the constant theatre of war and intrigue. The Normans entrenched themselves here in 845, but Louis le Bègue, with immense carnage, forced them to evacuate it. Then "came" Rollo, "saw," and "conquered," and Eu became the frontier town of his fair province. Since then, this soft secluded spot has passed through many a rough ordeal of foreign and domestic war, flame, pestilence, and faction. As you wander, you tread a soil man's tears have moistened and his blood has crimsoned many a time.

The little river Bresle flows under the castle walls. There, in the year 1101, it turned a simple mill-wheel, whose only business was to grind corn for the monks at Le Tréport. In the year 1848, the same river sets in motion a system of machinery, that accomplishes the triple purpose of preparing oil-cake, making biscuit, and sawing timber — effecting results which, compared with the simplicity of the producing means, are unequalled in the world. It is all done by the little river acting on a few simple wheels. No chimneys taint the atmo-

sphere, no smoke blackens the face of the surrounding country, no heated rooms pale the cheek and bow the shoulders of the poor children of toil.

His Majesty, Louis Philippe, is the proprietor of this establishment. He has leased it to an Englishman named Packham; and under British energy and enterprise it has arrived at a most flourishing condition. To this the war in Algeria (of all things in the world) has mainly contributed. Mr. Packham has realized a fortune in furnishing wooden-houses for the troops engaged on that service.

Let us see the timber department. There is a long room presenting, as you enter, a large saw, like that used by sawyers: from this, down to the far end of the room are placed a series of circular saws in a vertical position. The large saw goes perpetually up and down, the circular saws round and round. The rough block is first placed under the large saw and being divided into several smaller pieces, these pieces are transmitted through the whole series and come out at the other end of the room, in as short



a time almost as you can walk thither, minutely divided, planed, grooved, and ready for use. The houses composed of this prepared timber are erected with an expedition almost equal to that with which their component parts are manufactured. They rival Aladdin's lamp, if not in magnificence, in rapidity of construction. You may see at Dieppe on the sea-shore, a *restaurant*, containing a number of apartments, with *cuisine, &c.*,—a very liveable house; there it is, compact, well-founded, proof against the elements, the whole concern the work of eight days! Mr. Packham "the genius of the lamp."

Let us now examine the biscuit making. First, a many-bladed knife revolves backwards and forwards in a huge tray, mixing up the moistened flour, and kneading it into a perfect dough, beyond the skill of the most accomplished hands; the dough then passes under a roller, where the blending of the particles is completed; thence it is transferred to a large cutter, which gives their form to the biscuits, and at the same time pierces them with numerous holes to admit the heat to penetrate; the

biscuits are then forwarded to the ovens, which are framed to revolve continually, so as to make an equal distribution of the fire, and, finally placed on a linen receiver, they are carried to the store-house.

The oil-cake department, like the others, consists of a serial course of machinery. The oleaginous material is first ground very fine by means of two enormous rollers, placed vertically, and inclined towards each other and a pivot, around which they revolve. Having passed through various refining and compressing processes, it is at last beaten into a compact shape by ponderous hammers of the kind in use for driving stakes through water.

These multitudinous processes are all effected by the waters of the Bresle; the spell of man's ingenuity seems to have changed the river's nature, and converted its free impulses into the docility of a slave.

Let us quit the ovens, the saws, the wheels, and escape from these eternal gyrations enough to make one giddy. Let us ascend the hill leading to the castle.

Spirits of the heroic dead ! Shades of Rollo, Longsword, and the fearless counts whose fortress frowns above me ;—'tis in no slight of your great memories that we have dwelt so long upon this new world of ingenuity, grown up under the walls of your ancient home. Rather let it shew a sense of how much the busy genius of to-day derives from you. Let it be a tribute to the energy and perseverance of the mighty race sojourning in this land awhile, whose ineffaceable footsteps we are tracing wherever we discern the progress of manly effort and success. Accept it as an offering to the merit of those liberal institutions that linger where your free spirit passed, under whose shelter alone the energies of industry or commerce can have their legitimate development.\*

\* The industry, perseverance, and commercial energy of the inhabitants of this province, while they shew the strength and the vitality of the Norman spirit, exemplify, in a remarkable manner, the effect of free institutions. No country of a like extent in Europe is more advanced in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The superficies of the province amounts to about one-seventeenth of all France, and the territorial revenues amount to one-ninth of the territorial revenues of the whole kingdom ;

We are now in the court-yard of the Château d'Eu, one of the most historic spots of this "storied" land. The château stands upon a terrace raised in 920, after the destruction of the first fortress by Heribert, Count of Vermandois. Under the Romans it was looked upon as a place of great strength; under the Merovingians it more than once proved itself to be so by rolling back the tide of war. It often received the mighty Rollo; and here his great soul returned to its Maker. William Long-

the soil, therefore, produces nearly twice as much as in the other parts of France. In cattle, horses, and wool, it is similarly prolific. With regard to trade and industry, it is likewise the most flourishing portion of France. Havre is its first commercial town, Rouen, Bolbec, El-bœuf, are celebrated for their manufactures.

The causes of this prosperity are to be found in the resolution with which the people of this province have always insisted on their ancient rights. Their Magna Charta, the *Charte Normande*, wrung from Louis X., contains many valuable privileges. These were subsequently confirmed on several occasions, and ultimately they procured their customs to be collected into a code, called the *Coutume de Normandie*, for many years the bulwark of their liberties. Notwithstanding the changes produced by the Revolution, the good effect remains of centuries of unfettered industry.

sword swore fealty to Charles the Simple, within its walls; and it seems to have been a favourite residence of his son, Richard the Fearless. It was here that William the Conqueror, while Duke of Normandy, received the visit of Harold, on which occasion the latter swore on a box of relics to support the claim of William to the crown of England, thereby making his subsequent resistance an act of impiety as well as treason. Richard the Fearless gave the Comté d'Eu to a younger son, in whose line it continued until it vested in an heiress Alice d'Eu. By the marriage of Alice d'Eu with Raoul d'Issoudun in 1200, the Comté was carried into the House of Lusignan. When Philip Augustus wrung Normandy from England, Raoul refused to recognise him, and followed by numerous inhabitants of the town departed for Palestine. Raoul II. followed his father's example, and revolted against Queen Blanche, but was reconciled by the marriage of his daughter Mary, to Alphonso of Brienne, who became Count of Eu in 1250. Hitherto Eu had united to the coronet of her counts, the lance of the crusader, and the sword

of the constable; another change of owners covered her escutcheon with the golden *fleur-de-llys*, the insignia of the blood of Artois. The comté, lately confiscated in the person of Raoul II. of Brienne, was conferred upon John d'Artois in 1350, by his cousin King John. The comté at this time reckoned no less than ten baronies, and two hundred fiefs. John d'Artois lived in great magnificence, and received Charles VI. on his way to Amiens, to marry Isabel of Bavaria. Then came England's turn. The battle of Agincourt laid the keys of this, with many other fortresses, at her feet. In twenty years the fortune of war restored it to France.

In an evil hour Louis XI. came to Eu. Charles d'Artois gave the blackhearted tyrant a royal welcome. Tables groaned with luxuries, and the costly wine flowed free. Masques, pageants, and all the entertainments customary in those days, shewn on a grand scale, succeeded each other in quick succession. King Louis seemed enchanted with the hospitality and attention of his host; he lavished his blandest smiles, his kindest words. Who would

believe that all the time he was plotting the ruin of Artois, and planning schemes of destruction for the abundance and prosperity around him? Well might such a man distrust the very cap he wore.\*

On Tuesday, the 18th of July, 1475, (called still "*Le Mardi piteux*,") the Marshal Rouhaut Gamache suddenly appeared at Eu with a train of lances; he showed the inhabitants a royal order for a general burning of the town and castle, and immediately proceeded to put it into execution. Of the château there remained but a piece of the eastern wall, with a tower used as a dove-cote, and, except the church and hospitals, the whole town perished. The inhabitants fled, carrying with them their industry and what they could save of their wealth.

Sixty years afterwards we find the château and some of the town rebuilt, but the former was very different from what it had been—a simple construction of timber, one story high.

\* "Ah! je te brûlerais, si tu savais ce qu'il y'a dans ma tête."—The tyrant was overheard one day thus addressing his cap.

The Counts of Eu, one would imagine, had had enough of kings; but scarce was the new building completed when we find its gates thrown open for the reception of Francis I. Again the scene changes, and intrigue appears upon the stage. This fair retirement becomes a focus for the machinations of the league. It is the home of the Balafré. Those venerable beeches yonder to the left of the castle shaded the Guise while he plotted against his king. The balustrade which encloses them has been placed by Louis Philippe, with this generous inscription, “C’est à l’ombre de ces hêtres que les Guises *tenaient leur conseil* en 16 siècle.” The duke commenced, in 1578, the erection of a magnificent castle, after the designs of Pierre le Roi, but his plans were intercepted by the assassin agents of Henry III. at Blois. One wing only of the plan was completed. That wing is the present château.

After the death of the Balafré Eu underwent a deadly plague, and several more royal visits. Mademoiselle de Guise, the last scion of that illustrious race, sold the comté to Louise de





Montpensier. This princess decorated the château with great magnificence and taste, added a park of considerable extent, and brought hither from her house at Choisy a collection of portraits. These have been added to from time to time, and at this day form an historic gallery of portraits unrivalled in the world.

Louise devised the comté to the Duke of Maine, son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, in the vain hope of procuring the freedom of her husband, the brutal Lauzun; it continued in his descendants. The Revolution found it in the possession of the Duke de Penthièvre. The pictures and furniture were carried away, and the château converted into a military hospital.

This tranquil-looking spot seems always to have possessed an anomalous attraction for fierce spirits. Napoleon set his heart upon it, and it was actually purchased for him by the Senate; but England provided for the Emperor another domain, and the château, with the furniture and portraits, though with greatly diminished dependencies, was restored to the



daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre, mother of Louis Philippe.

The exterior presents a vast oblong building of brick, propped with stone pilasters, and surmounted by an irregular slated roof; the whole immediately bringing the Tuileries to your recollection.

The park contains forty hectares.\* The lower part, which is not visible from the castle, is after the present fashion. Here the classic taste of the seventeenth century has been *brusqued* by the romantic spirit of the modern English garden; winding walks, scattered shrubs and trees, ponds of all shapes and sizes, white swans sailing by green islands, aquatic plants of all kinds, and willows weeping over banks of sward that take (as fancy might say) their verdure from the tears.

The upper park, commanded by the windows of the château, is laid out in terraces, and planted by Le Notre. It consists of a large

\* *i. e.* one hundred and thirteen acres, two roods, and ten perches, each hectare being equivalent to two acres, one rood, thirty-five perches.

square plot of ground, divided by cruciform walks, and disposed in formal beds. A stone deity stands at each corner of the plot, and the metrical cadence\* of a fountain in the midst distributes order through the whole. Beyond the flower-beds, the park reaches away until it disappears in the perspective of lofty elms and beeches, that bound it on either side. From the open space innumerable alleys of trees vista off to right and left, forming, with their interlacing branches many a beautiful aisle—beautiful, but so serious withal, that no excitement of moonlight or soft air would justify the most frivolous fairy in dancing anything less solemn than a minuet upon the sward below.

The window of the King's study was open; a fit spot to stand and gaze upon the scene. 'Twas impossible not to feel how well the severe disposition of the trees, and the mournful regularity of the *parterres* accorded with the

\* "In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,

In the pentameter aye falling in melody back."

grave recollections of the place. How often must the great man to whom the castle now belongs, look from that window upon the historic spot, comparing its chequered destiny with his own eventful life.

There are few indeed can look back on a career so full of vicissitude, as the present King of the French. Fate has crowded into his seventy-four years,\* such an amount of hardship, danger, and extremes of condition, as seldom fall to the lot of man. Fortunately for France, happily for the peace of the world, he has survived them all. The fates seem to hover round his hale old age, as loath to touch a life on which so much depends.

The excellent education imparted by Madame de Genlis, is the main secret of that fortitude which, in all his trials and privations, supported the exile — of that judgment and piety which characterised the Prince, and adorn the King. 'Twas in the retirement of St. Leu that those lessons were received, and those habits acquired, that so well withstood the

\* King Louis Philippe was born October 6th, 1773.

rough test of his after life. The principles on which Madame de Genlis based her plans of education were far in advance of her age, and such as are only now beginning to be generally understood. She judged it of the first importance to surround children, from their cradle, with happy and cheering influences, to the exclusion of everything likely to contaminate their minds or feelings. She felt it desirable, above all things, to implant in them an universal spirit of love—a love of God and his works, the consciousness that all was from the hand of an Almighty Creator and Preserver, whose will was the happiness of his creatures. To excite this feeling in her young charge, she took every occasion of awakening the sentiment of wonder with respect to natural phenomena, and then of explaining the seeming marvels on principles which an opening intelligence could comprehend. For all the branches of polite learning, for the enforcement of the Christian doctrine and graces, proper tutors were provided, and the principal modern languages were acquired without labour and difficulty, from

conversing with the domestics of various countries by whom he was attended. Nor was his physical education neglected, he was taught to despise all sorts of effeminacy, to sleep habitually on a wooden bed with no covering but a mat; to expose himself to heat, cold, rain; to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes. Relying on such an education, well might Madame de Genlis feel hope for him, even when, to use her own words, "all was lost that he had inherited from birth and fortune, and nothing remained but what he had acquired from nature and her."

The account left by Madame de Genlis of the early life of Louis Philippe, and his brothers and sisters, is highly interesting. She is never weary of giving instances of the excellent dispositions and unfolding virtues of her pupils. In particular she dwells upon the indifference to money and the general disinterestedness of the future King; qualities in the boy that go far to refute the alleged parsimony of the man,

for, in this respect more than any other, experience tells us "the child is father of the man." By the advice of his instructress Louis Philippe, then Duke of Chartres, kept a journal, in which was entered every occurrence that personally concerned him. This has been given to the public not long ago, and puts us in possession of many interesting particulars of his life, as well as the sentiments he then entertained.

The opinions expressed in this journal have given a handle to the enemies of the King, both in France and here, for a tremendous assault upon his character: they charge his majesty with the highest political dishonesty, because he has not carried with him to the throne those ideas and theories entertained by a lad of seventeen, reared in the influence of those alluring doctrines with which the Revolution marked its first approaches; under the authority and daily example of *Egalité*, who whatever his political crimes may have been, was an excellent father; and in the midst of a popular excitement and enthusiasm, such as the world had never known before. Had he done so,

France would, probably, now be omitted from the roll of European powers, and more than probably, Louis Philippe would not be her King.

But what is of greater interest than those crude political opinions which his own experience, and even more, the experience of France, has constrained him to modify, are the many evidences of good sense and a good disposition which this journal contains. He gives the most simple and unostentatious account of his ministrations at the Hôtel Dieu, his attendance on the sick, and his various acts of charity to the distressed. He paints in vivid colours the delight he experienced on one occasion, when he was the instrument of saving at the risk of his own life, the lives of several clergymen, who had been ejected from their livings for refusing to subscribe the civic oath: and again, when at Vendôme he rescued an individual, on the point of drowning, from a watery grave.

Besides numerous other entries of this kind, the journal acquaints us with the varied and extensive studies in which he was at this



time engaged. Far from giving a ground for shading the character of the King, it may safely be asserted that if a chronicle so minute and faithful were given us of the corresponding portion of their career, there are few men who would stand before us so favourably.

At the age of eighteen we find the Duke of Chartres leading a brigade under Kellerman at the Battle of Valmy. Six weeks afterwards his brilliant charge retrieved the day of Jemappe, and decided the fate of the Austrian dominion in Flanders. Henceforward his life was a varied romance. A few months previous to the execution of his father he was summoned before the Committee of Public Safety, as it was rather anomalously termed, seeing that such a summons was commonly a sentence of death. He had barely time to cross the French frontier and take refuge in the Netherlands. Here he had a little leisure to reflect on this unexpected termination to his career as a friend of liberty. He could not, however, be induced to take arms against France, and, provided with a very small sum of money, pursued his way as a traveller

through Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Colblentz, towards Switzerland — everywhere in danger of being captured. At Zurich he met his sister and Madame de Genlis, who had also fled their country. Here they would have taken up their abode, but were prevented by the unfriendly feeling manifested by some French royalist emigrants, and crossing the mountains, moved on to Zug, where, however, their stay was of short duration. Their rank and character being discovered, they were again under the necessity of seeking some spot where they might dwell unobserved and in peace. By the intercession of a friend, Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her instructress were received into the convent of Sainte Claire, near Bremgarten, and the Duke of Chartres, an outlaw and an exile, was thrown on his native energies, and the excellent education he had received. A few weeks having exhausted his slender resources, he obtained through a friend the situation of teacher in the academy of Reichenau, a village at the junction of the two upper Rhines in Switzerland. Here, under the feigned name of Cha-

baud-Latour, he taught geography, history, the French and English languages and mathematics for the space of eight months, giving the highest satisfaction to his employers and pupils, and winning golden opinions from all the inhabitants of Reichenau. His enemies having now for some time lost all trace of him, the Duke retired to Bremgarten, where, under the name of Corby, he lived as a private gentleman till the close of 1794. He then thought it prudent to quit Switzerland, his retreat having been again discovered. His intention was to go to America, but not being able to procure funds enough for this purpose, and having obtained a letter of credit for a small sum on a banker at Copenhagen, as a Swiss traveller under the name of Müller, he set out on an expedition through Norway and Sweden, and reached the North Cape in August, 1795.\* Thence he proceeded

\* On the 2nd of June, 1844, Mr. Burk, the vice-consul at Hammerfest, celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth-day. On that occasion he received a letter from the King of the French, written with his own hand, accompanying a gold medal, bearing on one side his Majesty's profile, and on the other the following inscription

towards the Danish states, the agents of the French Directory leaving no means unemployed to discover his place of refuge. Being baffled in all their attempts, the Directory opened a communication with his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, who was given to understand that if she prevailed on her son to repair to the United States her own position would be rendered more tolerable, and the sequestration removed from her property. Receiving an intimation to this effect from his mother, the Duke hesitated not a moment. He instantly wrote the Duchess a letter,

—"Given by King Louis Philippe to M. C. Burk, as a memorial of the hospitality received at Hammerfest in August, 1795." The letter, dated at Neuilly, June 6th, is in these terms:—"It is always agreeable to me to find that the traveller Müller has not been forgotten in a country which he visited in simple guise and unknown; I always recall with pleasure this journey to my mind. Among my recollections, I give the first place to the hospitality so frankly and cordially granted me, a stranger throughout Norway, and particularly in Norland and Finmark, and, at this moment, when a lapse of forty-nine years since I made this journey into Norway, has left me but few of my old hosts remaining, it is gratifying to me to be able to express to all, in your person, what grateful feelings I still entertain."

commencing thus: — “When my dear mother shall receive this letter her orders will have been executed, and I shall have sailed for the United States.”

The Duke of Chartres, now Duke of Orleans, was joined in America by his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujolois. The prince spent about three years and a half in this country, travelling over every part, and making the acquaintance of all the remarkable men of the west, Washington among the number — A great similarity of character between

It may not be amiss to record here another anecdote illustrative of the King's kindness of heart and recollection of old friends. A doctor attending a poor woman in London, some little time ago, required some paper to write a prescription, and, by the direction of his patient, opened the drawer of a cupboard, where were a number of letters in the same hand. The poor woman told him that these were letters from the King of the French. His Majesty, when in the days of his adversity, had lodged with this woman, and has never forgotten her. She receives presents of money from time to time, accompanied always by some kind message. The last letter was full of regrets that his old landlady was suffering, and urged her to come to France, “where,” said his Majesty, “the Queen and I will take care of you.”

him and the Duke of Orleans giving rise to a strong friendship between them.

Montpensier and Beaujolois are long since resolved to dust, but the map still exists by whose aid the brothers travelled through the States. In showing this not long ago to an American, the King mentioned that he possessed an accurate account, showing the expenditure of every dollar he dispersed in the United States. No one can deny this to be an example of business habits worthy of all praise. This attention to the importance of personal expenditure was one of the characteristic features of Washington. Both these celebrated men were penetrated with the conviction that exactness and punctuality are qualities essential to success.

In February, 1800, the Duke of Orleans, and his brothers, arrived at Falmouth, and shortly afterwards took up their abode on the banks of the Thames at Twickenham. Here their amiable characters and unaffected manners gained them universal esteem, but amid the repose and hospitality of England, the Duke of Orleans remembered his exiled mother in Spain, and

ventured to Minorca in hopes of obtaining thence a passage into Spain. The attempt, however, proved abortive, and he returned to Twickenham. Here the Duke acquired that cordial affection for England to which change of circumstances and lapse of time has brought no diminution.\* His long and rigorous confinement in prison began now to tell on the delicate constitution of the Duke of Montpensier. In spite of every effort of medicine he gradually declined, and on the 18th of May, 1807, expired. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. Shortly afterwards, the Count of Beaujolois fell into a decline, arising from the same cause, and by the advice of his physicians removed

\* Writing to the Bishop of Llandaff, in July, 1804, the Duke says, "I quitted my native land so early that I have hardly the habits or manners of a Frenchman. And I can say with truth that I am attached to England, not only by gratitude, but by taste and inclination. In the sincerity of my heart do I pray that I may never leave this hospitable soil. But it is not from individual feeling only that I take so much interest in the success of England—it is also as a man. The safety of Europe, of the world itself, the happiness and independence of the human race, depend upon the safety and independence of England."

to Malta. In vain. His disease gained rapidly upon him, and in the early part of 1808 he too died, and Louis Philippe was left alone.

The bereaved and broken-hearted Prince received an invitation from King Ferdinand, of Naples, to visit him at Palermo. His accomplishments and misfortunes gained him the affections of the Princess Amelia, the King's second daughter, and to her he was united in November, 1809. The Duchess of Orleans was released from her imprisonment in Spain just in time to be present at the ceremony.

This was the first lull for many a day in the Duke's stormy life. He remained in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity at Palermo till 1814.

On the 31st of March, in that year, the allied armies were filing through the Boulevards of Paris amid the cries of "Vive le roi."—On the 4th of April the Duke of Vicenza, Marshals Ney and Macdonald, were bearing to the capital a document in the following terms, signed by Napoleon:—"The allied armies having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to peace



in Europe, the Emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he is ready to resign the throne, to quit France, and even to sacrifice his life for the welfare of the country which is inseparable from the rights of his son, those of the regency of the Empress, and the maintenance of the laws of the Empire. Given at our palace, at Fontainebleau, April 4th, 1814.

“NAPOLEON.”

— On the 11th, the treaty of Fontainebleau, as it was called, which gave Elba to Napoleon, and Napoleon to Elba, was signed at Paris by the ministers of the Allied Powers; and on the 12th, by the Emperor, at Fontainebleau.—On the 10th, five days after Napoleon's abdication had ended the war, the blood of eight thousand men was shed at Toulouse, under Soult \* and Wellington.—On the 13th, the remains of the British infantry and cavalry proceeded

\* It has been generally reported that Soult knew of the abdication before the battle. Napier, however, has satisfactorily refuted this report, and established the contrary. The loss of the victors exceeded that of the vanquished by two thousand men. The latter were able to effect an orderly retreat.

homewards, the former to the port of Bordeaux, the latter, marching through France, to Boulogne.\*—On the 20th, Napoleon bid the old guards farewell, and quitted Fontainebleau.—On the 4th of May, at Porto Ferrajo, in Elba, the boatswain of the British frigate, the *Undaunted*, bid Napoleon farewell in the name of the crew—"wishing him health and better luck the next time."

The intelligence of these events came suddenly upon Louis Philippe, in his retreat at Palermo. The path was again open for the Bourbon to his native land, and on the 18th of May, he entered Paris, where he was received with the honours due to his rank and talents. Imagine the feelings of the son of Egalité, on seeing the Palais Royal once more! Twenty-one years had passed since a Duke of Orleans stood before its gates. Raised upon a bloody cart, amid a band of wretches, bent double, pale, and stupified with horror, was Orleans, erect, his head elevated, his cheek of its na-

\* "Thus," says Napier, "the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of the veteran's services."

tural colour, his whole aspect firm and calm. Standing with folded arms, he ran his eye over the building with the air of a master, as if examining whether his palace required any ornament or repair.\*—That cart was bearing him to the guillotine.—That Duke of Orleans was Egalité.

Louis Philippe had been just nine months in his ancestral home, when Napoleon grew tired of Elba. On the 1st of March, he landed at Cannes with a handful of troops.—On the 8th, he was in Grenoble, at the head of seven thousand men.—On the 19th, he slept once more in the Palace of Fontainebleau.—One can only describe this man's movements as the strides of a God!—On the 20th, down went the white cockade, and Napoleon was at the Tuilleries, where "he dined as usual," "seeming," says Savary, "as if he had

\* Alison mentions that this halt in the Duke's progress to the guillotine was caused by Robespierre, who promised, even in this last extremity, to rescue the Duke of Orleans, provided he would give him his daughter Adelaide in marriage. The Duke scornfully repelled the brute's insulting offer.

merely returned from a journey." Once more Louis Philippe repaired to England, and with his family, again fixed his residence at Twickenham. After the hundred days he was summoned to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers, as a Prince of the blood. He went to Paris accordingly, but his liberal sentiments were so little agreeable to the administration, that he returned to England, where he remained till 1817. He now again returned to France, but was not summoned to sit in the chamber. He therefore remained in private life, where he displayed all the virtues of a good father, a good husband, and a good citizen. His family profited by this example. It has ever been a model of union, good morals, and domestic virtues. The restoration of his ancestral property had placed him in a condition of wealth, and his establishment displayed a magnificence suited to his opulence and rank, tempered, however, with characteristic order and economy. The fine arts and letters ever found in him a munificent patron. His palace at Paris and his

seat at Neuilly, were full of the productions of the former, and frequented by the distinguished men of their age.

And now Louis Philippe committed the great, I may say the only blunder of his life—in accepting the crown of France. Yet it was only a mistake as respected himself personally; there was no error of judgment in a patriotic point of view, for there was no alternative for France but anarchy or King Louis Philippe. The outrageous folly of Charles and his ministers, consummated by the *ordonnances*, again broke up the French constitution, and Orleans was prevailed on to ascend the perilous throne. In the Palais Bourbon, on the 8th of August, 1830, overshadowed by the tricolor flag,\* Louis Philippe affixed his signature to

\* The flag of the Bourbons was white. The tri-colored flag, which consists of white, red, and blue stripes, owes to chance its rank as a national emblem. At the first French revolution a distinguishing sign was wanted, and the readiest occurring, was that of the colours of the city of Paris, blue and red. To conciliate, however, certain influential members of the national guard, not hostile to the King, the Bourbon white was added. The

the revised charter, and, with his head uncovered, pronounced the following oath:—"In the presence of God I swear faithfully to observe the Constitutional Charter, with the modifications set forth in the declaration; to govern only by the laws; to cause good and exact justice to be administered to every one according to his right; and to act in everything with the sole view to the interest, the welfare, and the glory of the French people."

Louis Philippe was now king,\* and thus ends the drama of his strange eventful life.—The sky is bright above, the trees' deep foliage scarce stirs in the sunny breeze, the flowers smile in their parterres, the fountain falls musically on the ears,—but a solemn gloom is striving with the brightness. The fountain will be frozen up, the flowers droop and die, the obligation to maintain the tri-color is a provision of the charter.

\* Madame de Genlis lived for a few months to see her beloved pupil attain a station of which she had mainly contributed to make him worthy. She died in Paris in the eighty-third year of her age, 1830.

trees have already caught the sere tinge of autumn, and there are storms looming on the horizon. Heaven grant they may pass without bursting here !

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But such was not the will of Heaven. When that paragraph was written, the strangest, saddest scene of his "life's eventful drama" was yet to come ! Scarce a week from the publication of these pages, the throne of France was again empty, and Louis Philippe was hasting across the Place de la Concorde, pressed upon and hooted by a ferocious mob. He turned on that fatal\* spot, and saluting the savage crowd, said:—"Gentlemen, at your desire I ascended the throne,—at your desire I leave it. May you be happy." Then, discrowned, unattended, penniless, the old man sped towards that favoured land whose hospitality he had before experienced, and where he has now found an asylum.

\* Near the spot where Louis XVI. was beheaded.

## CHAPTER V.

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHATEAU D'EU.—PORTRAITS.—THE  
KING'S GRAY HAIRS.—A STUDY OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.  
—DIEPPE.—AGED MOTHER IN PRAYER AT ST. REMI.—THE  
CHATEAU OF DIEPPE—OF ARQUES.

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A picture here has still preserved each charm.  
I saw it one bright evening when the warm,  
Last glow of sunshine shed its golden ray  
Over the lovely image. She was fair,  
As those most radiant spirits of the air,  
Whose life is amid flowers.

*St. Valerie.*

Open your gates, ye everlasting piles !  
Types of the spiritual church which God hath reared.

\* \* \* \* \*

We watch with upward eye, the tall tower grow  
And mount at every step, with living wiles  
Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will  
By a bright ladder to the world above.

*Wordsworth.*

And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,  
From gray, but leafy walls, where ruin grimly dwells.

*Byron.*



THE interior of the Château d'Eu presents the usual amount of gilded roofs, inlaid floors, tapestried walls, &c.; the rooms spacious, but comfortable. Its great interest, however, consists in the collection of portraits. There is scarcely a remarkable character in European history unrepresented here; but it is surprising that some classification has not been attempted. As it is, generally speaking, characters, epochs, families, are all confounded together in the most ingenious manner. Portraits, recalling the gravest memories, become almost ludicrous from their juxtaposition. Nobody laughs at the recollection of Cromwell, or Charles the Martyr, yet to see them side by side, on apparently the friendliest terms, cannot but raise a smile. Then there is Lafayette and Napoleon almost shaking hands, and Père-la-Chaise in a bed-room with the seductive Marion de l'Orme. In the billiard-room the pensive face of Joan d'Arc, and the sunny beauty of Agnes Sorel, are inclosed in the same panel. Is the heroic virgin contemplating a game of pool with the lovely favourite of Charles VII.?

The *parure* of Agnes is extremely simple. She wears a black velvet robe, laced in front over her bosom, which sets off its dazzling whiteness. Her hair is parted Madonna-wise, a gauze veil, fine as woven hair, is fastened at the division, and floats downwards at either side over the shoulders and the neck. Oh! Agnes, but once to look upon that face of thine, is to see it always! Ah! why must those lovely lineaments that “haunt us like a passion,” ever carry with them a regret that thou wert less worthy than thou wert beautiful?

Let us turn for a moment into the “Gallery of the Guises.” There is Claude de Lorraine fresh from Marignan; Francis, proud of having “written Calais on the heart” of Mary. His son, the Balafré—there seems a shadow on him, thrown by remorse for Coligni’s murder, and the presage of his own; Catharine, his sister and avenger—there is a look of stern satisfaction about her: she has just despatched Jacques Clement on his mission of death to Henry III. There, too, is the lovely victim of Queen Elizabeth, in deep mourn-

ing; her mother, Marie of Lorraine, wife of James V. of Scotland; the Duke of Mayenne and Henry II. of Guise, conqueror and viceroy of Naples after the revolt of Masaniello.

The "Salon des Rois" contains a plaster cast of that memorable work of the Princess Mary, the equestrian figure of Joan of Arc. The stern subject and the vigorous execution do not prevent us from recognising the gentle hand that has guided the chisel. She is represented in the act of slaying for the first time—literally a *maiden* murder; and, though nerved by a consciousness of her lofty mission, and steeled by the sense of her country's need, still her woman's heart is represented as horror-struck at sight of the blood she has shed. The noble war-horse is made to share her feelings, recoiling in terror from the breathless corse.

Our last visit is to the "Salle de famille;" it is appropriated exclusively to Louis Philippe and his family, and here is the fitting spot to take leave of the Château d'Eu. We have traced its changeful fortunes from the sternest

military era to this new order of things; from Rollo, the feudal chieftain, to the citizen King; and in the presence, as it were, of that illustrious individual and his sons, to whom peace has entrusted her hopes for France, we part; taking with us, however, from that family group, a salutary lesson on the frailty of human happiness, the vanity of human power. On two of that royal household, the bravest and the fairest,\* the curtain has already fallen. The old man, to use the words of Burke, is "living in an inverted order;" the heir to his throne and the cherished of his heart have gone to the grave before him, and the close of his own career is darkened with forebodings that point to the crown he has so wisely worn, but which he must so soon resign.

"So soon resign!" At the time these words were printing, few could have imagined that they would so speedily have proved true; yet, before a fortnight had elapsed, the prophecy was accomplished.

Let the question whether the crown was

\* The Duke of Orleans and the Princess Mary.

“wisely worn,” be committed to the silence and obscurity that settles over Claremont.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sudden transitions of scene it enables us to compass, are not among the least of the wonders effected by Steam. It transports us so rapidly to circumstances so diametrically opposite, as sometimes to make us doubt our own identity. The most practical, plodding citizen “within the sound of Bow bells” might, by its means, in the space of four-and-twenty hours, find himself among such sounds and sights as to persuade him, either that he had got among a nation of lunatics, or that he himself (and Englishmen in general) must be mad to take the things of life so quietly. Let us start our sober citizen, his week’s business over, on Saturday night (for the sake of illustration he must travel on Sunday), and set him on Monday in the market-place of Eu. It is the day of the corn-market. The grain, instead of being imported in carts from the country, is carried on the backs of ponies; hundreds of those little animals may be seen on that morn-

ing converging from the district round to the centre of exchange. Each pony is accompanied by one man and several women. The ladies of a family always attend the fairs and markets in great force; and though their merry, careless faces and picturesque costume, give great animation to the scene, it may be imagined their presence in such numbers does not facilitate the transaction of business. The men are dressed in blouses and trousers of the deepest blue calico, the women in stuff gowns, also of blue, or a blue body only, with a bright scarlet petticoat. Their head-dress is of snowy muslin, enriched by quantities of lace, but of very modest dimensions, compared with the *coiffeur* of some other parts of Normandy.

As each pony arrives, he deposits his sack on the ground in the centre of the market-place; he is then led on and tethered against the wall of the houses, flanking the place. As the day advances the line of ponies elongates, the heaps of corn grow larger, the crowd greater, and there is a corresponding diminution of room.

In the meantime, the French character begins

to display itself; all parties become greatly excited, the men in the ardour of commerce, the women in the eagerness of gossip. They begin to bustle about and gesticulate. To reach the centre, where the corn is deposited, is now a matter of some difficulty, and each new arrival, in the efforts to force its way through the pre-occupied and fermenting crowd, adds not a little to the disorder. The Picards are notoriously the most loquacious and spasmodic of the French provincials; and the numbers who cross the Bresle to attend this market, give it its peculiar character of excitement.

Now appears, in exaggerated military costume, the *comptroller* of the market, to whom is committed the office of preserving order. His presence alone was wanting to complete the confusion.

He is immediately infected with the prevailing agitation; the sense of responsibility, added to the fever of the general excitement, raises his feelings to a perfect paroxysm; he throws off his cocked hat, with its lofty plume, unbuttons his laced coat, rushes up and down

and lavishes his anathemas right and left upon the just and the unjust, and spares neither age nor sex in his wild career. Quite in keeping with the scene is the wild-looking vehicle at the in-door. The dusty diligence is on the point of starting. If our citizen, for the first time, saw this conglomerate of vehicles, with the shaggy-maned, vivid-eyed ponies, he might well think that the man on the box, in the blue shirt and trousers, was absconding with the stock of some carriage repository of the sixteenth century, and had seized upon a herd of wild horses to effect his purpose.

Emerging from this distracted scene, my pony quietly wended his way up the narrow street leading from the market-place on the road to Dieppe. In a few minutes the town was masked by the hill, then the church disappeared, and finally the château, with its dark woods, was hidden from the view.

The road on which I emerged was one of those inflexible routes I have before spoken of. For miles and miles it shoots out drearily before you; to right and left the country runs off



to the horizon without fence or tree ; occasionally the road is flanked with a double row of poplars, one on either side. They open their green arms to receive you, but you soon part from their embrace and pass on.

I was fain to escape the monotony of the scene, by invoking the cantering powers of my pony. The unvarying fall of his little feet, the warm sun over-head, the interminable perspective of the road before, acted drowsily on my senses. I sank into a reverie ; I fancied the times of chivalry were come again. Some great issue was at stake. A Norman chief was advancing to call upon some feeble Southern for the power he knew not how to use. The champaign on either side seemed cleared of all obstacles that might impede the sweep of the squadrons, or check the knight's career. The tall poplars shewed like a serried vanguard of stately warriors ; and far away on the horizon was the sheen of lances, while plume and pennon were waving proudly in the evening breeze.

The echo of the pony's hoofs in the Fau-

bourg du Pollet, a suburb of Dieppe, roused me from my dream.

Dieppe was the great French sea-port of the middle ages, and the principal mart for all foreign productions. The fourteenth century found her in her pride. Two beautiful churches already venerable from age, lifted up their roofs to heaven, and a stately castle looked down from the heights, as if to guard the wealth and industry of the busy people below.

To the skill and intrepidity of the seamen and merchants of Dieppe, the world owes the great part of those discoveries that have made the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a remarkable era in the history of cosmography. The bombardment of Dieppe in 1694, was an irreparable loss in this respect, that the records of the maritime expeditions of the Dieppois, with which her archives abounded, perished almost entirely, and the few that remained were scattered or destroyed at the Revolution. Modern research has, however, in some degree repaired those losses, and most of the discoveries claimed by them, have been acknowledged by their great rivals,

the Portuguese. They were the first visitants of Newfoundland, Canada, Florida, the Azores, Senegal, the Cape of Good Hope, and, there is reason to believe, Australia.\* The discovery and conquest of the Canaries has also been attributed to a Dieppoise, but this is an error. The account of their capture, by John, Baron de Béthencourt, will be given in the second volume.†


In the nineteenth century, Dieppe is a fashionable bathing-place. Her houses, once the abodes of wise and energetic merchant-lords, now open their doors for a few summer days to the frivolous children of Parisian life. Her harbour, once crowded with merchantmen, from all parts of the world, now receives only a few fishing-boats, and an occasional steamer from the opposite coast of England.—Whence the change? why is Dieppe no longer great? —Because she is no longer free!—The ocean, that of old brought hither the wealth of the world, still beats upon her shore, the inhabit-

\* See Estaneelin, "Navig. Norm."

† See Appendix, I. vol. ii.

ants are industrious and brave, her seamen enterprising as ever, but the genius of liberty has departed. The self-government of Dieppe, has been absorbed in the all-engulfing dominion of a Francis I., a Henry IV., a Louis XIV., and the sources of her free life dried up. She sank at once in wealth, and power, and importance. Her history is that of the Hanse Towns, and the Italian Republics.

To inspect the churches seems naturally the first business in a mediæval town. In these days, when economy is the ruling principle in religious architecture, when the house of God is deemed no longer worthy of the national thought and wealth,—how refreshing are those churches of the pious times when every stone was an evidence of care and love, and the whole building adorned with the nation's wealth—charged with the fulness of the people's heart. We generally find ourselves, therefore, in the morning, crossing the threshold of some ancient church. Few, I think, can stand beneath those calm and lofty aisles, so eloquent of ancient piety, without receiving something of a serene and holy spirit; and it appears to



me, that the earlier in the day this good deed is done, the better. Their doors are ever open: the Catholic Church takes care that her children shall never want a consecrated retreat; where the world-weary and the sinner may withdraw from the tumult of existence, to offer up their prayers to God. Protestant England! remember the cottage and the hovel, where the orisons of the poor are interrupted by earthly sounds, perhaps of discord or of sin; set wide the gates of your temples, and let them have a spot to pray in, whose atmosphere has been never stirred, except with words of heaven!

The Tower of St. Jacques is remarkable for its elevation; and looks upon you in its beauty wherever you go; five hundred years have left scarce a trace of their flight upon its fair proportions.

The remainder of the church, the religious contributions of three different centuries, is highly interesting, as a study of comparative architecture, but wants that uniformity so essential to a fine architectural whole.

The same observation applies to the Church

of St. Remi, but this last contains a chapel which I remember well ! It is on the left of the choir as you enter, dedicated to our Lady "*de bon secours*." Its ornaments and offerings were of a very costly kind ; from the roof there hung suspended a model of a ship. This arrested my attention : I turned to the altar, where, in a silver lamp, a light was burning ; there knelt an old lady, evidently of the superior classes. Her dress bespoke wealth, its fashion refinement. I recognised the author of the rich votive offerings—to these propitiations she had come to-day to add the greater offerings of prayer. Fervently she seemed to pray before our Lady *de bon secours*, not for the suffering, or the dead, for her aspect was of anxiety, not of grief;—perhaps that mimicship may have a reference to the succour she implores. The wild winds are sweeping through the aisles, it may be that the child of her old age is on the stormy waters, it may be he is not fit to die !

The view from the château well repays the labour of an ascent. Beneath you lies the

picturesque town. To the right the meadows of the valley of the Bethune, to the left the fields of ocean lay out their green expanses. Down there, where the strawberry beds clothe the ascent, passed the Duchess of Longueville, in man's attire, as she hurried from the unrelenting vengeance of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Coming to the aid of Henry IV., the forces of Elizabeth wound along the shore to the eastward, where now you see the ladies and gentlemen, with characteristic sociability, frolicking together in the sea, to the agony of the serious-minded Englishman. Does he bethink him of his own ball-room, where the dresses are absolute nudity compared with the modest bathing costume of the French ladies?

Six miles south-east of Dieppe the Château d'Arques raises its noble masses, and soars over the surrounding country. Its foundations were laid by Talou, uncle of the conqueror; and Henry II. is said to have completed its principal parts. The colossal walls, however, deprived of all ornament, are silent as to the precise epoch.

The principal entrance, flanked by two massive towers, still remains in tolerable preservation; but our imagination must put together those ruins yonder, to make up the rest. Was it time—was it war, that wrought this desolation? Alas! it was an enemy less noble than either: the spoiler man. For a hundred years it was worked as a quarry, and no one knows how many smart French houses have been built of the materials. The shoulders of the latter Bourbons have enough to bear, and one does not wish to add to the weight; but it is impossible to forget, that all the time this havoc was in progress the castle was in their hands.

It was of course taken by the English. Talbot and Warwick planted the lion standard on its towers in 1419, where it floated for thirty years. Restored to Charles VII., when Joan of Arc has placed him on his throne, it descended to the Louises of the 18th century, who shewed their sense of the heritage in the manner I have described.

The day, perhaps, is coming when even



these vast ruins shall disappear, and the Château d'Arques exist but in the page of history ; but the spot will remain hallowed still where Henry IV. spoke those noble words.—As he marshalled his little band of four thousand Protestants, some one contemptuously asked where were the forces to oppose the Duke of Mayenne, who advanced up the valley with his thirty thousand leaguers. “*Vous ne les voyez pas toutes,*” said Henry, “*car vous ne comptez pas Dieu, et le bon droit qui m’assistent.*” A miserable obelisk points out the spot where God and his good cause gave him the victory.

Let us take a last look before that turn of the road hides the ruins from our view ; even at this distance we perceive how much its beauty has been marred by ignoble hands. We take leave of its departed greatness with a more than ordinary regret, with something of the same feelings we should experience in turning from a grave where lay the hero of a hundred fights, struck down by an assassin’s blow.

## CHAPTER VI.

OLD ROUEN.—ICONOCLASM.—A HOME SKETCH.—DEATH OF A  
CONQUEROR.—NOTRE DAME DE ROUEN.—ROLLO'S TOMB—  
—THE APOSTLES OF CIVILIZATION.—IMAGINARY CONVER-  
SATION OF TWO HEROES.

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The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave!—*Gray.*

I know not how, but standing thus by thee,  
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,  
Thou tomb! and other days come back on me  
With recollected music! *Childe Harold.*

But search the land of living men,  
Where shall we find their like again?—*W. Scott.*

WITH characteristic smartness, though with great truth, a French author writes, "If you wish to see *old Rouen* you must needs make haste."

She, the Rathomagus of the Romans, the capital of feudal Normandy, the Rouen of the middle ages, sits there still in her old queenly attitude, under the shadow of those beautiful hills. The silver Seine flows by, and her churches still preserve the ashes of the mighty dead ; but the days of her glory are numbered. The iconoclastic spirit riots here in all its blindness. It is one of those scenes that dash our joy for human progress, when we see it trespass so finely on the domain of the Past, trampling on its weeds and flowers alike with an unregarding step. All the powers of innovation seem to have collected round and marshalled their forces for a desperate attack upon the vital seat of feudal memory. She is invested by an army of countless factories, a thousand deep ; thick as Vallombrosa's leaves they swarm on the plain. They occupy commanding positions everywhere on the hills, and the outline of the horizon is broken by heavy masses of high-chimneyed reserves. Ceaseless are the sounds of hostile activity ; and scarce can the sun penetrate the volumes of smoky gloom that

roll out like banners from every point of the besetting host, and spread their lurid folds upon the pure clear air. The suburbs have been seized upon by parricidal Young Normandy; down go the time-honoured buildings, and glaring novelties arise upon their ruins. In a gradually narrowing circle the devastation advances day by day, drawing nearer to the yet unreachèd centre of the town. Here is the cathedral, under whose aisles is the tomb of Rollo. Thither the betrayed spirit of Mediævalism has, as it were, fallen back. It takes a kind of shape under the spell of musing fancy. She conjures up a shadowy form by the sanctuary where the hero sleeps. She mantles it with the memories of the past, and as the havoc approaches, it seems to fold closer the robe of antiquity, and calmly to await its doom.

Wrapped up in their speculations, pursuing their callous schemes of gain, the inheritors of old Rouen hasten through the historic streets to their bran-new chambers of trade. Never do they open the volume of her heroic history,

but delight to call their old town the Manchester of France, and glory to see the dust of cotton overlay so fast the venerable dust of ages. Among her 100,000 inhabitants, let us ask how many are there who bestow a thought upon her bygone days, or turn aside for one moment from their chase of wealth, to reflect upon this mournful conflict between the present and the past? Nevertheless, it still proceeds, and loses nothing of its sadness by reason of the apathy of man. To those who feel that there is no repugnance between the useful and the beautiful, and that what the "men of old" have left us of the one, might (were man but reverent and just) be well reconciled with all the others can exact to-day: to them such a struggle presents a spectacle profoundly melancholy. We ask ourselves if this antagonism existing between youth and age, wherever man's agency is at work, arises necessarily from the constitution of humanity. We do not find it in the operations of nature. The young oak springs up beside its parent monarch of the forest, and they share together the sunshine and

the breeze: the branch of the banyan-tree delights to give its shelter to the stem from which it sprung; the fruit and blossom of the orange-tree hang together on the bough; new islands arise in the sea, yet the old lands remain: and the astronomer who has discovered a fresh orb just formed of *nebulæ* does not miss the immemorial stars. Is it a condition of man's nature that he cannot improve or advance without some corresponding destruction? by what fatality is it that where *he* works, the life of progress involves the death of antiquity?

These were questions suggested by the sight of the vanishing old city; and I found no answer. I felt, however, that the spirit here at work was changing the whole face of nature, and obliterating those dear lineaments associated with our golden youth. Yet a few years and who would grieve to quit a world, whose once friendly scenes have shared the fate of the hearts we cherished, from which the familiar objects are all swept away, as well as the loved ones departed?

There is too much of the same process at

home. Under the plausible names of improvement and progress the same spirit makes rapid advances. It has lately displayed terrific energy in connecting distant points of space by intervening links of iron; the old sylvan solitude has been desecrated; the time-honoured tree removed; the ancestral park invaded; the historic landmark swept away. It may be, your experience can furnish a scene like this. Returning from abroad I passed by —, where my childhood's years were spent. I came on the same old coach (the only thing, almost, remaining the same), and stopped at the tavern crowning the hill, where I had often descended, coming home for vacation long, long ago. The old man who kept it was gone, and I had no heart to address the new proprietor, so I walked towards the church, keeping time with slow step to the bell tolling ominously as I approached. I was just then thinking, as I looked upon the stubble fields at either side the road, how often I had tramped them with old — by my side, *Ponto* and *Don* beating before me. With what pleasure he used to follow my boy-

ish sports, carrying my gun and shotbelt with as much patience as he took my wayward fancies. Then he was always at his cottage door as I rode by to cover, swearing I should have glorious weather, for though a second deluge lurked in the sky, he was too good-natured to damp the heart of the boy. At least, thought I, I shall find the honest old fellow by his fireside, and have a talk over the good old times. That was his death-bell ! They were going to bury him to-day ! With a full heart I hastened on and began to descend the hill. There was the old house bosomed in the woods ; there bounded the stream by the slope from the drawing-room windows, laughing from its merry heart as of yore ; but between me and that dear spot a railway ran its iron course, and to make way for it, they had cut down

The fir trees dark and high,  
Whose slender spires I used to think  
Were close against the sky.

A broad heavy arch spanned the passage  
between the hills, shutting out the heaven from



that very spot where I used to linger in the summer twilight and read romances in the stars. I could venture no farther. Hurrying back, I resumed my place on the coach and went on.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arrived at Rouen, my first visit was to the Faubourg Cauchoise. The old Roman road from Rothomagus to Juliobona leads you to the Church of St. Gervais, a plain massive structure — the petrification of simplicity. It is reputed the oldest Christian church in France. The eastern end reposes on a crypt, which antiquarians maintain is as old as the fourth century. Connected with this spot are associations investing it with an interest the proudest temple might vainly seek to inspire.

On the evening of the 9th of September, 1087, there lay in one of the chambers of the Monastery of St. Gervais an unheeded corpse, whose scanty covering scarce served to conceal its death-wound. No kinsman, no friend of youth, not even a charitable neighbour, to watch awhile beside, or place some seemly drapery on the dead

None to toll a passing bell, to light a taper, to put up a prayer for the departed soul? Who was this most friendless man, to whom are denied the last poor offices that, even for the felon or the pauper, death has a right to claim? How lonely, how obscure, how destitute must have been the life to which this is the close!

Look upon those kingly Norman features;—a few days since, and they were shadowed by a crown! That prostrate and neglected form sat on a throne of power; and thousands of the bravest and the fairest looked for favour to these shrouded eyes! These are the mortal remains of one who founded the noblest kingdom the world ever knew — *William the Conqueror of England!*

William had never entirely recovered his fall at Gerberois, when unhorsed by his son, Robert. The coarse jest of Philip reached the King on his sick bed, at Rouen. Sorely incensed, he swore by his greatest oaths—the splendour and the nativity of God—that he would hold his churching at Nôtre Dame, with

ten thousand lances for tapers.\* With the approach of harvest he commenced the fulfilment of his vow, on the unhappy town of Nantes. It was speedily burned to the ground, while the cavalry trampled down the surrounding cornfields and vineyards. As the angry King galloped among the ruins, encouraging the work of destruction, his horse trod on some burning wood, and fell. William, grown corpulent and advanced in years, was thrown violently on the pommel of the saddle, and received his death-wound. The contusion was so severe that he was compelled to return immediately to Rouen, and the noise of the town proving intolerable, he was carried thence to the Monastery of St. Gervais. After languishing for some days, he felt his end approach, and prepared for death with the firmness that became his line. He arranged the affairs of England and the Duchy, drew up bequests for the churches and the poor, and

\* *Chronique de Normandie*. "Ut quando a puerperio suo levaret, mille candelas in regno Franciæ illuminaret." Brompton, p. 979.

sent a sum of money to repair the sacred edifices he had so recently destroyed at Nantes. He then called his sons to his bed-side, and having summoned the barons and knights, addressed them thus:—"From earliest youth I was trained to the use of arms, and I am stained with blood. No one can tell the evils I have caused during the sixty years I have passed in this world of bitterness. I go now to account for them before the Eternal Judge. From eight years old I have been Lord of the Duchy of Normandy, and during all that time I have supported arms and lived amid the turmoils of war. My nearest relations, who ought to have defended me against all the world, frequently conspired against me, and sought my life. But in all my perilous circumstances I desire to record that I was supported by the loyalty of my people. I have frequently taken shelter from the villains who sought to murder me, in the cottages of the poor. The Normans are a generous people. If governed with firmness, tempered by clemency, they will prove themselves invincible. They excel all other

nations. Being more valiant than their enemies, they feel confident of subduing them.

“Guy, Count of Burgundy, and my aunt Alice, of Normandy, traitors to honour and duty, revolted against me. My uncle Mauger, Archbishop of Rouen, and his brother William, Count of Arques, reproached me with my birth, and armed against me Henry, King of France, and Enguerrard, Count of Ponthieu. I conquered my vassals and my cousin, at the *val des Dunes*, and made the Count of Arques a prisoner in his strong castle. King Henry, boiling with military zeal, and goaded on by my enemies, sought to trample me under foot as a man without defence. He often invaded my territory with powerful armies, but he could never boast of having collected plunder, or made my men prisoners. Though he came with loud menaces and an imposing array, he never returned very happy, or without having received some discomfiture. The bravest who followed him hither did not share his flight, for they perished by my sword and the swords of my knights.

“Geffrey Martel, Count of Anjou, Conan, Prince of the Bretons, and Robert, Count of the Flemings, undertook several perfidious enterprises against me. As for my transmarine labours and dangers, it would be endless to enumerate what desperate battles I had to fight with the people of Exeter, Chester, and Northumberland; with the Scotch, the Welch, the Danes, and other enemies who strove to deprive me of the kingdom of England.

“It was thus, from infancy, surrounded on all sides by adverse circumstances, I extricated myself from them with honour. Under the blessing of God, my enemies never succeeded in their views, however vigorous their efforts, however cunning their stratagems. I became an object of envy to all my neighbours, but was never conquered by them, for I placed all my confidence in God, who supported me. I acquired the royal diadem, which none of my predecessors had worn. It was the mere effect of divine grace, and not the fruits of hereditary right.

“But though worldly ambition may exult at

such triumphs, I feel struck with remorse in reflecting that through all these actions cruelty accompanied boldness. Wherefore, ye ministers of Christ, recommend me to his mercy. I never violated the Church of God, which is our mother. I never sold ecclesiastical dignities. In the election of dignitaries I have always sought, as far as lay in my power, for men of moral conduct, as well as of sound doctrine, and I have ever been happy to receive their advice.

“By the aid of God, through my ancestors and myself, Normandy is filled with spiritual fortresses, in which mortals learn to combat the demons and the lusts of the flesh. By the inspiration of God, I have been the founder of these fortresses—their protector and their friend.

“Such have been my cares from my youth upwards. Such the obligations I impose on my successors. Do you, my sons, imitate me in this point, that you may be honoured before God and man. Attach yourself to men of worth, and follow their advice—follow justice

ever, and spare no effort to avoid wickedness; assist the poor, infirm, and honest; curb the proud and selfish; devoutly attend holy church; prefer the worship of God to worldly wealth; and nightly and daily, in prosperity and adversity, observe rigorously the divine law.

“To my son Robert I have given Normandy. As to the sceptre of England I dare not give it to any save my God alone. It is not by hereditary right I possess so great an honour. Irritated by the hostilities of the English, I rushed like a lion upon them, and inflicted much misery. For these reasons I venture not to bestow that kingdom, obtained by so many sins, upon any but God, lest after my death great calamities may happen. I desire that my son William, who has been dutiful to me from infancy, may keep himself in the ways of God, and, if it be the divine pleasure, I hope he may happily enjoy the royal throne.”

This long and affecting address so exhausted the monarch, that he sank back insensible, and remained for some hours in that state. As the sun rose, on the 9th of September, the



cathedral bells began to ring, and the voices of the priests, singing the *Hymn of Prime*\* resounded through the aisles of St. Gervais. The king turned on his painful bed, and asked what it meant. He was told it was the hour of matins at St. Mary's. Lifting up his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, "I commend myself

\* Ord. Vit. vol. iii., p. 197, *et seq.*

"Now that the sun is gleaming bright,  
 Implore we bending low,  
 That He, the uncreated Light,  
 May guide us as we go.  
 No sinful words nor deed of wrong,  
 Nor thoughts, that idly rove,  
 But simple truth be on our tongue,  
 And in our hearts be love.  
 And while the hours in order flow,  
 O ! Christ securely fence  
 Our gates beleaguered by the foe,  
 The gate of every sense ;  
 And grant that to thine honour, Lord,  
 Our daily toil may tend,  
 That we begin it at Thy word,  
 And in Thy favour end."

The Quarterly Review of October 1844, has thus rendered the *hymn ad primam*. It is still sung in the original Latin by the scholars of Winchester College, when separating for the Whitsun vacation.

to the Holy Mary, mother of God, my sovereign, that by her prayers I may be reconciled with her dearly beloved Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ,"—and almost instantly expired.

Scarcely had he closed his eyes, when the knights and courtiers vanished. One of the sons is speeding to seize upon the father's crown, before the veins are chill in the forehead it so lately pressed! Another hastens to secure the coronet of the duchy!

The sons, the knights, the courtiers are gone. The menials follow their example, having first possessed themselves of everything to be found, even to the habiliments of the royal person.\* The king is now alone with death. Even woman has deserted him. Heaven in mercy had taken his noble and beloved Matilda, and spared her the anguish and humiliation of this hour. But the high dames that just now brightened his halls—were they false too, every one? Were their flattering words and graceful homage nothing but a mockery?

\* It is said the death chamber of a Guelph was disgraced not long since by a rapacity equally vile.

Alas! for the unhappy monarch, when even woman's loving loyal heart deserted him in the hour of death!

The king's body remained for some time in this situation; at last Guillaume, Archbishop of Rouen, ordered the royal remains to be conveyed to Caen, in accordance with a wish the king had expressed to be buried in St. Etienne; but no one offered to take charge of his obsequies—his sons—his brothers—his officers—not one was to be found. At last Herlowen de Conteville, who had married the Conqueror's mother, Arlette, undertook the execution of the king's wishes. A few days after his death, a hearse was seen slowly wending its way to Caen, attended by some hired mourners. It is Herlowen conducting the body of the Conqueror to its last resting-place, under the holy aisles of St. Etienne.

\* \* \* \* \*

There are few days in the year you will fail to find an Englishman in the little square before the Cathedral of Rouen, poring over Murray's Hand-book. You would think he must

have come to revise it for a new edition ; for the great object seems to be to ascertain that the book is entirely correct. He looks carefully that every architectural curiosity is duly noted down, each minutest detail faithfully recorded, and the description of the whole so complete, as to reject the idea of amendment. Now, passing to the interior of the cathedral, he submits his volume to a similar ordeal ; and, having satisfied himself with the precision of the guide-book, he hurries on to test its accuracy by the next lion on his list. Well read, it may be, in his hand-book, but knowing as much of the merits of the cathedral as you do of the spiritual nature of a lady with whom you have waltzed once in a London ball-room.

While he hastens on to the next sight in his programme, let us examine for a moment the marvellous sculpture of the western *façade*. It takes the bewildered retina full a quarter of an hour to reduce that tumult of reliefs to any degree of order, and convey those saints, virgins, and kings, in intelligible groups to

the brain. It is a prodigious ocular achievement, just within the power of the optical muscles. Let us gaze, however, steadily, and we shall find that chaos of images change by degrees into order and beauty. Before us is a scripture petrified. There is the tree of Jesse—*i. e.* the genealogy of the Virgin. Farther up, the martyrdom of St. John the Baptist. In the corner, Herod at the banquet-table, with his wives beside and his wines before him, while Herodias animates the fore-ground with those graceful dances whose guerdon was the martyr's blood. All exquisitely sculptured in stone — and many other biblical episodes, too numerous to mention.

To the faces of the north and south portal, the same profusion of decorative imagery has been affixed. Despite our admiration, we cannot entirely forgive all this bewildering surface-ornament. It is a specious abuse. As if the value of ornament consisted in the multiplication of agreeable forms, and not in the evidence of care and thought and love in the separate stones.

While the delicacy and extraordinary finish of these ornaments excite our wonder, we must admit that the whole is but an exquisite architectural transgression, a beautiful violation of the rules of pure taste. You perceive that the great principles of religious symbolism have been misapprehended, if not lost sight of; and you recognize the production of a period when the art had already passed that stage of perfection, when it would seem that nothing on earth may be arrested, and fallen into the rankness that precedes decay.

We may complete our impression of this florid style, by passing across the street to the Church of St. Maclou, over whose western portal the artists of the sixteenth century have raised a semicircular triple porch, faced in all directions with the most elaborate sculptural decoration, really seeming, as we contemplate the intricate groups of forms so fantastic and delicate, to be the work of enchanted chisels guided by raving imaginations.

• But “swinging slow with sullen roar,” the tongue of the cathedral bell, hoarse with cen-

turies announces the hour when vergers and beadles leave the church. Let us take advantage of the showman's absence, and recrossing the street pay our visit to the interior, while we may do so undisturbed. The walls of the northern and southern aisles are pierced with chapels from the door to the choir. The topmost on the north contains the tomb of Rollo; opposite, in the highest chapel of the north aisle, rest the ashes of his son.

Rollo—that heroic name stirs the heart like a trumpet. Whether as the intrepid Norman Viking challenging our admiration, as the wise Norman Duke commanding our respect, or as the original head of this great English dynasty, evoking our instinctive sentiments of loyalty.

When we remember that he was born in a land where war and rapine were not merely the habitual occupation, but esteemed the only honourable pursuits; where the ideas current in men's minds were at entire variance with order and reverence; we cannot but be surprised to see how speedily his noble nature unlearned those perverted notions, and broke the chains

of the fierce habits engendered by the circumstances of his early days.

Rollo is described\* as of such a height that no horse could be found tall enough to carry him; though this was probably a northern hyperbole. He was of great personal beauty, and celebrated in the north for his skill in seamanship, courage, and sagacity.

In the latter part of the ninth century, The Fairhair had rendered himself sovereign of Norway, by the subjugation or voluntary submission of the petty kings of the districts into which the country was then divided. Ragnwald, a petty king of the district of Drontheim, was the first to tender to the conqueror his friendship and allegiance, and he became one of Harald's greatest friends and counsellors. He had three sons; the eldest, according to the custom of the country, being the inheritor of his father's possessions, Rollo was forced to seek for subsistence after the fashion of the times, in what was thought the noble pursuit

\* See Snorro Sturleson's "Heimskringla," in *Harald Harfager's Saga—Olaf Trygvason's Saga*.



of piracy. The Fairhair, on attaining to the sovereignty of Norway, perceived that this practice presented a great obstacle to the firm establishment of his government, and accordingly passed a decree forbidding it altogether.

It came to pass not long after, that Rollo, returning from a distant expedition, touched at Bynæsset, a place on the west of Trondheim, where King Harald sojourned at the time. The Viking having exhausted his provisions, disembarked, made a foray, and carried off some cattle. The act was one of the commonest occurrence, and viewed, as I have said, with no disapprobation (except by the sufferers); Rollo, too, was probably ignorant of the decree. Nevertheless, Harald, enraged at the circumstance happening under his eyes, procured a sentence of perpetual exile against him by the judicial assembly.

Rollo indignantly withdrew to the Hebrides, and joined his brother nobles who had fled thither, on Harald's becoming master of the country. On his arrival, they unanimously

selected him as their chief, desiring he would lead them back to Norway, to administer to the Fairhair "the wild justice of revenge." Rollo wavered for a moment. He looked upon this band of noble warriors, and felt his power. Within him was at strife the natural instinct of vengeance, and the spirit so far before his time. What destinies hung on his decision! Is it too much to say that the regeneration of Europe was at stake?

Let us glance backwards for a moment. The world had been advancing, slowly indeed, but still advancing on its path to civilization. Each age, as it passed away, bequeathed something to the great result; and at the fall of the Western Empire, we find three elements transmitted from the ancient world: viz. the intellect of Greece, the social and political wisdom of Rome, and the perfection of moral and spiritual truth in Christianity. To these was then added the elements of the Teuton race,—an addition of such power, that for a time it changed the character of the whole mass. With their severe ethics and hardy

habits, these early Teutons purged and re-baptised the world; but being few in number, compared with the wide surface of Celtic and Roman life, over which they were spread, the high qualities they introduced lost much of their force by this diffusion. Moreover, the soil that was to receive them had been rendered so rank by Roman corruption, that their fine spirit was speedily absorbed, and there became necessary a new order of men from yet hardier and severer climes, endowed with qualities of a more enduring complexion—a temper truer and more refined.

In the Normans this order of men appeared. They were the quintessence of the Teuton tribes. And their loftier genius was, moreover, kept pure and guarded against diffusion by the peculiar circumstances of their career, leading always to national insulation. While the former immigrants from the north were comparatively few in relation to those upon whom they descended; the Normans, through the prudence and forbearance of Rollo, were confined to a district so limited, as to be peopled almost entirely by

themselves. This national apartness (so to speak) was kept up by the constant attitude of defence and self-assertion, the hostility of the French kings obliged them to maintain; and when they passed to England, the same result was produced by the geographical position of their island home. Thus every event that marked their course conspired to fit them for the destiny to which they were appointed.

Theirs was the mission to infuse a pure and vigorous blood into the corrupt and effete veins of the south, and while they imported fresh stores of animal courage, to temper what they brought, as well as what they found, with prudence and generosity. Theirs to introduce the notion of a regulated but free subordination, by the agency of feudalism—to soften the harshness of the mediæval spirit by infusing the graces and refinements of chivalry, and bringing with them that reverence for the softer sex, which always characterised the northmen; it was theirs to place Woman on the throne that women had so long usurped.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the in-



fluence this respect for woman may have had on the amelioration of Europe. Regarding Christianity and law as the main instruments of that amelioration, we cannot but perceive how well fitted these men were, especially by this woman-venerating quality, to be its agents. Their love of woman disposed them to receive with readiness a religion whose prominent feature, as taught to them, was the veneration of the Virgin Mary, in which idea, that love, with its character of deep reverence, met a pure and enduring object. Accordingly, we find, that they everywhere embraced Christianity with ardour.

Again, if, as thoughtful men have considered,\* law has for essential basis and motive the love of and regard for woman, we see at once how this same genius qualified them to prepare and wield this other great engine of civilization. We find, in fact that the Normans discovered an extraordinary and

\* See *Schmidt's* "Philosophical Essays," and *Romagnosi*, "Discourse on Woman, considered as the Motive of all Legislation." 8vo. Trent, 1792.



almost instinctive legislative spirit. Rollo especially is, next to Alfred, the only prince of his time who merits the name of legislator. Under the shelter of his admirable enactments, Normandy speedily felt the blessings of order and peace, presenting a striking contrast with the surrounding French territory, where nothing but fraud and violence prevailed. His laws are the substance of the code called "La Coutume de Normandie, or, Le Grand Customier;" and many are in force at this day.

Such, then, was the mission of that illustrious band assembled under Rollo on the shores of the Hebrides. Gradual it was to be, and wrought out as it were by instalments; the nature of man and things forbade it to be otherwise. They were to sow the seed, their children were to rear the plant. Many of them were unconscious of their lofty task; but I would fain believe that some, and among them their sagacious leader,

"Dimly saw  
Their far-off doubtful destiny, as the mother  
Conjectures of the features of her child  
Ere it be born."

Oh, had they failed of that mission! The spirit of the age shouted "Revenge!"—his own spirit whispered, "Forbear." The flames of war are quenched in the land he loves. Shall he take leave of it for ever, or kindle them again? His resolution is formed. He turns the prow of his galley southward. His banner runs up to the mast-head, and as the wind floats it out, displaying the well-known device—the sable bird in an argent field—every murmur is hushed: and there rises from the assembled warriors a one-souled prophetic cheer. They hurry to embark. The whole fleet gets under weigh, and they follow that banner as their guiding star.

The peculiar constitution of this emigration distinguishes it from every other with which we are acquainted; and it is important to notice the elements composing it, because a key is thus furnished to the Norman history, without which much is inexplicable. We are not now contemplating the progress of adventurers in search of a rank and fortune never known at home, or of the lower

class of the community quitting an overstocked land to seek elsewhere for unpeopled locations. They were the scions of the lords of the soil; the *crème* of the social body, the refined and intelligent class of the State. Thus the contrast between this, and the former Scandinavian expeditions is accounted for. We know that the previous invasions of the race had been marked by fierce and cruel excesses. They had been composed of the low and desperate of the community, and conducted by chiefs, trained in the sanguinary school of a Regner Lodbrog, hardened by habits of slaughter and depredation. But this descent was characterised by a forbearing, generous, and reverend spirit, such as we might anticipate from men to whom the possession of wealth and power was nothing new, and who therefore did not abuse them—men, who in the possession of property had received the education it necessarily implies, including some of the best lessons of humanity; forethought, justice, benevolence, wisdom in the use of power—men, to whom many an illustrious ancestor had bequeathed his name and fame.



These were the causes which enabled them to establish their conquests on the permanent basis of respect and gratitude, not on the tottering ground of force and fear. They first introduced to the world the idea of a moral power, stronger than any physical power it had ever known—the force of honour and the chivalrous spirit. The strength of gentleness found a type in the small hand of the Norman. It invested the sword he wielded with a quality that, like the rust on the spear of Achilles, healed the wound it gave. The brute force of the old world was no more.

Oh! how the heart swells to contemplate that august migration. How many of the names that glorify the page of modern history may be traced up to the men who rallied round Rollo in that hour! In the barks that sailed beside him, were borne the ancestors of Tancred, Béthencourt, De Fosny, Longueville, Toustain, De Gravile, Montfort, Mortemer, Montgomeri, Eu, De Courcy, Bigod, Percy, Devereux, Harcourt, Grosvenor, Vernon, Tan-carville, Mordaunt, Carteret, Bohnn, Lacy,

Warrenne, Paisnel, Mortain, Marmion, Clare,  
—and yet we wonder at their achievements !

The Norman leader descended first upon the coast of England ; but he speedily discovered that his destiny lay not here ;—over that fortunate island watched the other great man of the time. Alfred unfurled the white-horse banner and hastened to the rescue. But not with clashing steel and flowing blood was that illustrious meeting celebrated. It was solemnized by a friendly treaty, by wishes of prosperity, and promises of favour. With an intelligence and forbearance that became as well the invaded as the invader, these two supreme spirits of the age met and parted in peace.

What passed between Rollo and Alfred on this occasion is nowhere written down ; but few are the interviews of profounder interest than that which the tent of the latter witnessed as the Norwegian chief took leave of the Saxon king.\*

Alfred is reported to have rivalled Rollo in the striking beauty of his person. “ Nature had bestowed upon him every bodily accomplish-

\* See Asser, Wace, and Benoit.

ment, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, with a pleasing, engaging, and open countenance." \* We may picture these two magnificent beings, representing in their own persons the two nations, the Saxon and the Norman, who though parting now, were to meet again in their descendants on the same soil, and fused into one people become by virtue of that blended nationality, in a truer sense than the Roman,

" The heroic and the free,  
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth and sea."

We may imagine them holding converse under the tent-lamp. We can fancy the deep attention Rollo turned to the Saxon monarch's history of his life, especially of his early residence at Rome; we can imagine with what thrilling interest he heard the pious King detail the scheme of that religion, which at once commended itself to his pure, free spirit, as the only one for man; how he sympathized with Alfred as the latter spoke of the heroic northern poems, with which his mother first roused

\* Hume.

the mind of her son to the desire of glory, and told the beauty of that classic lore by whose means that best instructress strove to direct his taste and rectify his ambition. Then the story of his romantic vicissitudes, his service with the herdsman, and the rebuke of his master's wife for neglecting her cakes, his perilous visit to the Danish camp in the guise of a harper, and his final triumph and restoration to the throne.

We may imagine the heroes then exchanging those great ideas and sentiments from whose inspiration, aided by the free spirit of their race, sprung the institutions, by which, in different ways, the one had laid the groundwork, and the other looked forward to secure the happiness of his people. Rollo hears Alfred tell, with honest exultation, of that great invention by which he had "solved the difficult problem of universal liberty, freed man from the shackles of tyranny, and subjected his actions to the decision of twelve of his fellow-countrymen;" the trial by jury—an institution that Mr. Coleridge calls the "immortal sym-

bol" of the grandeur, the freedom, the mildness, the domestic unity, and universal character of the middle ages." We may conceive the Norwegian, while admitting its merits, pointing out the possible evils of the institution, and urging the greater purity attainable in the administration of justice by such a tribunal as he afterwards established in the Norman Parliament. Rollo, too, might suggest an improvement in the militia arrangements of the King, by subjecting them more to the feudal principle, as better suited to the emergency of the age.

Doubtless, too, ere they parted, the pious King informed his visitor of the Sacred Book, that, in all his troubles and sorrows, had ministered higher consolation than northern rhyme or Grecian story could impart. And how must Rollo have admired the noble industry that could snatch sufficient time from the cares of government to translate the Gospel into the Saxon tongue; that paternal anxiety that would not rest until the word of truth had penetrated

the land in a language that his meanest subject could comprehend.\*

Such, we may believe, was the substance of that remarkable interview. I can hear Alfred say, as Rollo rose to depart, "Chieftain, farewell, I judge some brilliant destiny awaits you ; but let no power ever seduce us to forge one chain for our people. Let us endeavour always to keep alive the spirit of liberty inherited from our common ancestors. In the most enduring document I leave behind me, my last testament, this sentiment is recorded as that which has guided my administration: 'it is just the English should for ever remain as free as their own thoughts.'† You are too noble to think otherwise, for the Normans—farewell."

\* One of Alfred's literary labours was the rendering the Holy Gospels into the Saxon tongue. I give the Lord's Prayer as a specimen of this translation, "Fæder ure thu the earth on heafenum, si thin mama gehalgod, to be cume thin rice, Gewurthe hin willa on earthen swa swa on heafenum, urne ge dægwanlican hlaf syle us to daeg ; and forgyf us ure gyltas, swa swa we forgivath urum gyltendum, and ne geladde thu us on consenung ac alyse us of yfle.'" (Si it swa).—*Medulla Hist. Angl.*

† The last sentence of King Alfred's will.

## CHAPTER VII.

ROLLO IN FRANCE.—HIS LOVE.—HIS MODERATION.—HIS SELF-SACRIFICE.—HIS ABDICATION.—HIS BROTHERS IN ARMS.—ANCESTORS OF THE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.—TRUE NOBILITY.

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This is the happy warrior, this is he,  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

*Wordsworth.*

Gentilhomme ; le plus beau titre que nous possédons.

*Henri Quatre.*

SOME writers assert that Rollo on his departure from England adopted an expedient of the same kind as that afterwards practised by Mahomet, in pretending a supernatural vision which beckoned him to France. But this story is very inconsistent with the character of Rollo, as well as of his companions. He would have scorned to use, and they would have laughed

to scorn, the device by which he of Mecca humbugged the Orientals. The imbecility of Charles the Simple, and the distracted condition of his territory had become known to the Normans. These were the circumstances that determined Rollo's course, and he knew that where he led his companions would follow. No extraordinary influence was necessary to engage them to share his fortunes.

Steering first towards Friesland, he made a descent on that coast. He was opposed by Duke Radbold and the Count of Hainault. A battle ensued, and the latter was taken prisoner. His Countess hastened to propitiate the victors, by restoring the Normans who were made prisoners in the fight, and terrified at her husband's danger, offered everything she possessed in the world for his ransom. Rollo rebuked her coarse estimate of his character by at once delivering up the Count.\* Content with recovering his brothers in arms, he took

\* "Rou fu mult débonaire, de Regnier ont pitié

D'aler quite à sa fame, li dona plain congié.—*Wace's Roman de Rou.*



sufficient only to defray the expenses of the war, and departed for France.

Sailing up the Seine, he advanced to Rouen. The fame of his exploits had preceded him here, and the inhabitants, judging resistance useless, sent out the Archbishop to offer their submission. The holy man was received with the greatest honour and respect. The Normans returned with him into the city, and, unlike their pillaging and destroying predecessors, this army of gentlemen entered it without shedding one drop of blood, or being guilty of one act of disorder. Once in possession, the peculiar character of the invasion began immediately to be apparent. The walls of the city were speedily strengthened, strong towers raised and fortified, and peace and order everywhere prevailed.

They had not been long in their new location before their valour was put to the proof. Renaud, Duke of Orleans, advanced towards Rouen as far as the banks of the Eure. Rollo went out to meet him, and in a short time the French fled in the greatest confusion. He followed up his victory by advancing upon Meu-

lan, which he quickly reduced to submission. The Duke of Orleans again approached with a fresh army. It was in vain: he was routed a second time with great slaughter. A third and last time he tempted his fate, and fell.

The Normans then moved on to Paris, Rollo still at their head. Paris at this time was but a poor town, scarcely extending beyond the island on the Seine, and, notwithstanding what Clovis had done for it, was little better than in its mud and timber days under the Romans, though General Julian (afterwards the Emperor), who was quartered there, writing from his own luxurious bath-room, called it his "dear Lutetia."

Clovis had endeavoured to make Paris the capital of his kingdom; but few of his successors resided there, and the Carlovingian monarchs had entirely forsaken it. However, the inhabitants, though few, were brave, and made a most vigorous resistance. The siege was long. Rollo, not attaching much importance to its capture grew tired of inaction, and turning aside, took possession of Bayeux and the Bessin.

This expedition was personally as well as territorially important to Rollo. Hitherto the requirements and strife of his career had left no space or pause for the exercise of the softer affections; but still they lived. Deep, deep in his heart, under the active surface of its stern virtues slept the folded flower of love. The flower was destined to open before the heart ceased to beat. Just as the sword of the conqueror was about to be relinquished for the legislator's sceptre, over the iron qualities that made him unrivalled as the first, were diffused those humanizing influences that so well prepared him to undertake the duties of the last.

In this expedition he met the being whom they say for all of us men the world somewhere contains, if we could but find her,—the exact reflection of our thoughts, our fancies, and even our impulses, the true echo of our hopes of heaven as well as our earthly desires, the enchantress, that with the magical words "*I will*" wakens into rejoicing life all the dormant sympathies of our nature—annihilating what is in it of the worm, developing what is there of the

God ! Alas ! how many work wearily through life's day, its business or its pleasure, whichever it may be, and, without having ever found her, go loneliness to sleep at last !

In Popæa, the daughter of Bérenger, Count of Bessin, Rollo met his first, last love. From that hour, their hearts never faltered in mutual loyalty. And here is the grave of Rollo. But, oh ! time and change ! — where is Popæa sleeping ?

Having gained the Bessin and lost his heart, Rollo returned to Paris, where he found the siege still going on ; he therefore turned aside again, and added Evreux to his conquests, next Meaux ; and then this faithful ally crossed over to England, and fought awhile for King Alfred. He was absent three years. What became of Paris in the meantime I am unable positively to say ; we may, however, safely presume that it was taken ; for such was its fate, the chroniclers say, four times during the ninth century, and this must have been one of them.

Rollo, returning, found France as disordered as ever, and his reputation, if possible, increased.

To enumerate his conquests from this time would be to mention half the places in France; suffice it to say that the Carlovingian realm lay prostrate before him. And now his character shines out in its true lustre. He found himself at the head of a host who had yet to learn the meaning of defeat. His own name was in itself a second host, with such a *prestige* had his prowess invested it. A country lay before him absolutely defenceless. Its fortresses destroyed, its troops annihilated, its exchequer empty, its king a coward and a fool. Why did he not seize upon the prey? No; that sagacious spirit that prosperity could never blind, that wise moderation that power could not seduce; these restrained him. He saw on the one hand, a vast impoverished realm, whose resources were destroyed for years, tyrannized over by unruly and turbulent seigneurs, subjects but in name; on the other, a fair province peopled by his own kindred, which he might make respected by his power and happy by his laws. Besides, what to men like him are kings and kingdoms? From that great elevation of soul he looked down upon

both as pigmies and their domains. So turning away from the temptation, and flinging the imbecile Charles back upon his cushions, he claimed only Neustria as his heritage. He sheathed his sword.

Charles readily accorded the conqueror his demands, and Brittany (though not so readily) was added. He also offered him the hand of his daughter Gisla, and required only in return that Rollo should be baptized, and offer homage for his province as a fief of the crown. Rollo felt how much he had to do, and that he required every assistance he could obtain for the great task before him. He therefore consented to the king's conditions, and merged his own love and pride in his affection for his subjects. He was not contented with a mere conquest, he was resolved to bless what he had won.

And here commenced the truly glorious period of his career. We now behold in Rollo the sagacious legislator and the intelligent magistrate.\* The inevitable disasters of war

\* Paiz ama, e paiz quist, e paiz fist establir  
Par tote Normandie fist crier e banir

were to be repaired, the terrified spirit of commerce to be invited back, the soil to be peopled and cultivated, laws to be framed for the new community, and, finally, by the institution of ecclesiastical establishments, religion was to be placed on an honoured basis, and given a permanent home in the land. All this he undertook and accomplished. As the echoes of war expired, and its crimson footsteps were effaced, the sounds of peace and industry everywhere arose, and prosperity smiled on the land.

But better than the laws he laid down for his people was the example he set them himself. They saw the man who had been ever foremost on the red paths of battle, now holding the same pre-eminence on the less stirring, but not less difficult, paths of virtue; and never did he appear grander in their eyes than when he stopped

K'il n'i ait tant hardiz ki ost altre assailir  
 Mezon ni vile ardeir, ne rober ni tollir  
 N'a home fere sanc, ne tuer ne mulfoir  
 En estant ne à terre, ne battre, ne ferir  
 Pargail ne porpense altre home trair  
 Ne ait ki ost embler ne altre cunsentir.

*Wace's Roman de Rou.*

to place his victorious hands within those of the contemptible king, in acknowledgment of the investiture of his dukedom.\* This sacrifice to the interests of peace their haughty souls could well appreciate. But the other greater sacrifice they knew not of. In truth the greatest sacrifices are always those of which others know the least—the sacrifices of the heart. Hard was it for the pride of his spirit to put his own within the hands of Charles—and repeat the words of homage to him as a chief; but harder far, for it touched the truth of his soul, to place them within the hands of Charles's daughter—to take the vow of fealty to Gisla as a wife, while his heart was in Popæa's keeping.

At the same time he was baptized in the Cathedral of Rouen; so that of him, as of Count Witikind's son—

May the marvel be said,

That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed.

Few political marriages are fortunate. This

\* It is not generally known that the word *bigot* had its origin on this occasion. When tendering his fealty, Rollo was urged to kiss the king's feet. The indignant warrior made answer, "Nein, *bei Gott!*" "Not so, by God!"



of Rollo's and Gisla was no exception to the rule. With all truth and honour Rollo kept his vow; but the heart that was Popæa's he could not share with her. That noble being in loving could not but fulfil what Lorenzo de Medici has well said to be the conditions of an exalted affection. "To love but one, and to love that one always." And so their union was not happy. Ere long, Gisla died. Need I say that Rollo afterwards married Popæa? She bore him a son, who succeeded to the dukedom, William, surnamed Longsword.

In 914, Rollo established in his province an ambulatory tribunal, called the *Echiquier*, with duties and powers resembling our courts of assize. It was composed of bishops, lords, and citizens, such of each class being selected as were most eminent for their knowledge of the laws, and conspicuous for their integrity. In the year 1499 this tribunal became stationary. Upon which the Frank courtiers, deriding his scruples, and by a corruption of the words, called him *bigot*. The term was often applied afterwards to the Normans. One of the *bigots* undertook the office for his chief, and raised the king's foot so high that he upset him.

at Rouen, under the name of a parliament. The other provinces afterwards created similar bodies on this model. They ever retained somewhat of the spirit of their original, and we cannot fail to be struck with the free independent front these parliaments, especially that of Rouen, maintained through the darkest period of Capetian despotism. Our Justice Blackstone saw, even in his time, the spark of liberty still glimmering within them, and declared, in the middle of the last century, with somewhat of a prophetic spirit, that if ever France recovered her liberty, it would be through her parliaments.

One article in the laws of Rollo is particularly to be noticed, as being founded on a principle which is the essential characteristic of chivalry—the *protection of the weak*. It consisted of a legal formula, called "*Clamour de Haro*," constituting an appeal to the name of Rollo (*Ha!* and *Ro*, a contraction of Rollo). In case of injury to any person, or trespass committed on his property, he thrice repeated aloud the word *haro*, and all who heard it were bound

under severe penalties to come to his assistance. If the wrong doer escaped, the cry was repeated from district to district throughout the duchy, till he was apprehended; a system constituting every citizen a constable, and rendering the escape of the trespasser impossible.

By virtue of this law, Asselin arrested the funeral of the Conqueror, until the place of burial, which had formerly been Asselin's property, was paid for. Up to the Revolution, the letters of the French Chancery all bore the clause, "non obstant 'Clamours de Haro;'" and the custom still has the force of law in the Channel Islands, the remains of the ancient province.

I mention this not merely to show in what reverence the name of Rollo was held, but as corroborative of what I have before advanced,—that to the Normans we owe the introduction of chivalry properly so called. The Teutons of the fourth and fifth centuries introduced a rude kind of chivalry, marked by the display of qualities rare in the old world,—generosity, self-denial, honour; but it wanted

the essential characteristic reserved for the Normans to make known—the *protection of the weak*. The institutions of chivalry were to arise in another age, but from the Normans its spirit came. In fact, it was always more a spirit than an institution;—as Mr. James expresses it, “*the spirit was the chivalry*.”

As an instance of the admirable police established by Rollo and the estimation in which the rights of property were held, I may mention the following anecdote. It is recorded that Rollo, fatigued by the chase, lay down in the wood of Roumare to rest himself. He hung a valuable bracelet set with precious stones upon a tree; and when he went away forgot to take it with him. For three years it hung there untouched, none who passed that way venturing to appropriate it to himself.

Most men worship power as an end; Rollo prized it only as a means. His object effected, it ceased to have any value for him, and he laid it down. Having seen order and prosperity established in all parts of his territory, his laws obeyed, and religion respected, he handed over

the reins of government to his son. Withdrawing into retirement, he bore with him the title of "The Just," which the strictness of his rule had acquired, and, what he valued more, the love of all classes of his subjects, won by the leniency with which he happily tempered the sternness of justice.

He lived five years after his abdication ; but we are not to suppose that he was idle during this period, for the chronicles say that he died worn out with the cares of government. It is probable that while he transferred to the Longsword the outward insignia of sway, and the concerns of foreign policy, he still continued to give his counsel for the welfare of the great fabric of which he was the architect, and watched over the police and the domestic interests of the province he loved so well. And well might he love it. Every inch of the fair soil he had won with his own right hand, and we have seen the personal sacrifices he made to confirm his conquests. Sometimes, indeed, might his thoughts revert to his own far clime, and his ancestral home in the hands of strangers

would rise up before him; but he always checked these wanderings. He felt that the utmost force of will allowed to human nature, was not too much for what he had to do; and he knew how the resolution required for future exigences is weakened by unavailing regrets for a past step. He felt in such vain "backward-lookings" how much of the passions may be consumed, and knew his destiny demanded all that he could bring.

In apportioning his territory, Rollo proceeded on the feudal plan. He divided it into fiefs, which he bestowed upon his companions in arms. Castles rose everywhere on the soil, the chiefs generally adopting the name of their fief in addition to their own. Once more the Norman noble found himself in possession of property and power, advantages that seem to belong of right to such men, inasmuch as personal worth and merit have a natural claim to possess and dispense the goods of the world.

These men became the parents of warriors who, in the next century, transferred their blood and their great spirit to the British soil,

and more than one of our English families are said to be able to trace their descent from the illustrious individual whose history we have been reviewing. At this day we pass through spots whose names—Evreux, Percy, Tancarville, Harcourt, Vernon, and many others in Normandy, bear witness to her being the parent lake of England's best blood.

Tis true that the immediate lines of the great feudal barons are, except in one or two instances, extinct; but in the Gentlemen of England that blood flows pure as ever, and that great spirit lives. These are the true Aristocracy of the land. Not that factitious King-made nobility constituting a House of Peers, but a nobility natural and God-made; an aristocracy that, were all the bands of society loosened to-morrow, and its form dissolved, would remain an aristocracy still. Foreigners swamped with "slip-shod counts and lottery-office marquises," wonder that England, so much richer and more powerful than other states, contains so few nobles. They know not that the majority of the English nobility

neither have, nor covet titles. Their rank is derived from their moral character, their political influence, their information, their independence, their dignified simplicity. Affectionately loyal, and zealously attached to the constitution, they occupy the ground theoretically attributed to the peers;—they stand between the king and the people. Vigilant against the encroachments of the one, undaunted by the might of the other. When did the Chamber of Peers ever dare to oppose the Popular Branch? Twice, once when they declared that the command of an army, or the decision of a cause ought not to be entrusted to any one who believed in transubstantiation: again, when they resolved that the slave-trade ought not to be abolished.

And well may they be proud, those English gentlemen, of the source from which they sprung. The “sophisters, economists, and calculators” of the present day, wonder at the importance which the Norman of an ancient line attaches to his family records. They cannot understand the regard with which he



contemplates what, to them, is a mere list of names; as to blood, it is in their eyes a red fluid, capable of reduction to certain vulgar elements, without one particle of enchantment; why any person should care about it one way or the other, except for the legal consequences, they cannot make out.

But it is not as a mere pedigree of his fathers that the Norman regards the records of his line. They are, as it were, solemn documents constituting him the trustee of an illustrious name, and their silent characters seem to express a hope that he will take care to transmit it unsullied on. Moreover, he views the long line upwards to the first chief who trod the Neustrian soil as forming with himself but one family, whose co-existence, though forbidden here by the laws which regulate the succession of human generations, is sure to be brought about hereafter, when existence shall lose its progressive character, and there will be space enough for all at once. He rejoices to recognise in the fragments of private records, or the public page of history, the same tone of

feeling, the same spirit that he is conscious animates himself, and may prove a means of recognition in the future world.

He finds throughout that genius ever characteristic of the English gentleman, that genius which, however modified in individuals, is the spirit of chivalry still, "the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour that feels a stain like a wound, which inspires courage whilst it mitigates ferocity, which ennobles whatever it touches, and under which vice itself loses half its evil, in losing all its grossness." A spirit strengthening, exalting, purifying—the Palladium of England's glory.

To this spirit belongs a rank and a nobility that resides not in prerogative, and has no necessary connexion with coronets and ermine. From it arise that spontaneous rank, that innate nobility which kings cannot give,\* or par-

\* A quaint illustration may be found in the first of the Stuarts, a man who had no mean idea of the royal powers. His old nurse begged of him to make her son a gentleman. The king, rather profanely, thus declared his incompetency :

liaments take away,\*—a distinction the Norman may well be proud to recognise as the birthright of his fathers and his own. The peer, as such, is but a local aristocrat; his letters-patent give him a conventional dignity—precedence in a district procession; but the Norman is the “Aristocrat of the World,” and in the dignity that Nature gives him has his place among the foremost of mankind.

As the Norman dwells on the fragmentary chronicles of his departed ancestors, they come each successively from their graves, as it were, and grow familiar with him. He looks forward to the time when he shall complete that acquaintance, where they have preceded and await him in

The land of souls beyond the sable shore,

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“My good woman, I’ll make your son a nobleman if you like, but God Almighty himself couldn’t make him a gentleman.”

\* Though the king has power to confer titles, he has none to resume them. Parliament, however, has, and the power was exercised in the case of George Neville, fourth Duke of Bedford, who was degraded by authority of Parliament, on account of his poverty.

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and, knowing that the sun of mercy shines beyond the clouds of ancestral errors, he would fain hope that one day will unite them all,

                No wanderer lost,  
                A family in heaven.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LONGSWORD.—ST. OUVEN.—A WORD ON POINTED ARCHITECTURE.—DYNAMICS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.—JOAN OF ARC.—WHY THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A WITCH IN HER CASE.

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Whom the Gods love die young.

*Byron, Trans. Poet. Gno.*

This immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence!

These lofty pillars and that branching roof

Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,

Where light and shade repose. *Wordsworth.*

Stainless alike in chastity and chivalry—angel of terror to the foe, of pity to the vanquished, she lived as became a noble spirit and found in the base Bedford's vengeance a chariot of fire for her fame.—*The Spirit World.*

THE education of Longsword had been conducted mainly by the priests. He always retained a predilection for the monastic life, and being of a pacific disposition, an impression

early prevailed that the personal courage of Rollo had not descended on his son. This impression derived strength from the mournful beauty of his countenance. Those rare lineaments were shaded by a sense of

The heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world.

In his most prosperous hours they betrayed a spirit profoundly weary of existence, and his whole aspect and air expressed that mysterious melancholy that "rejoiceth exceedingly, and is glad when it can find the grave." The stillness of cathedral aisles, the uninvaded calm of the cloister,—for these his heart ever yearned, and the cowl and cassock had more attraction for him than the ducal coronet, or the robe of state. After his death there was found suspended round his neck a golden key. This was ascertained to belong to a chest where William had always preserved the garments of a monk. But he was fated to "die in the harness." His first taste of repose was in the tomb.

Immediately on Rollo's death the lords of Brittany, who attributed to the wisdom of his

counsels the prosperity and power of Normandy, thought an opportunity offered to recover their independence; accordingly they rose in rebellion; but they soon found their mistake: they were defeated with great loss, and their castles razed to the ground. The Earl of the Colentin, jealous at some appointments made by William in favour of his wife's relations, who were Frenchmen, organized a conspiracy against him, and even besieged the Duke in Rouen. Disgusted at his vassal's infidelity, Longsword preserved a scornful indifference to his preparations, and remained entirely inactive. At last his officers were forced to urge him to draw the sword. The Earl was at the gates. Suddenly William put himself at the head of three hundred horsemen, and sallying from the town, gained a decisive victory without a casualty on his side.

Time had now added to the natural imbecility of Charles the Simple the decrepitude of old age. It would have been easy for Longsword to throw off his allegiance, but he felt that while Charles breathed he was still his sovereign:

and true to his father's oath, he hastened to defend this miserable senility against the rebellion of Raoul, Duke of Burgundy. He next commenced a series of expeditions, whose object was the relief of the wronged and the oppressed throughout the land.

On each return to his capital, William summoned his council, and laid before them his earnest wish to withdraw from the irksome cares of government to the retirement for which his spirit sighed ; but he was always met by the firmest remonstrance. Nothing could induce his barons and knights to give their consent. The object of one of these expeditions was to force Arnould, Count of Flanders, to restore to the Count of Ponthieu the town of Montreuil, which he had unlawfully seized upon. Arnould dissembled his resentment. He begged of Longsword to grant him a conference. The latter, seeing him through his own soul, never dreamt of treachery, and unsuspectingly consented. Leaving his few attendants on the bank, he proceeded alone to a small island in the river Somme, where the perfidious count awaited



him. Longsword was received with every semblance of esteem, and Arnold took leave of him with protestations of fidelity and honour. Scarce, however, was the duke's back turned to depart when four miscreants set upon him from behind, and assassinated him.

Longsword was more than a mere warrior. In the intervals of his battles and expeditions he devoted all his leisure to the interests of his subjects, and vigorously carried out all his father's views for their improvement and happiness. In fine, his character may be summed up in these words:—he inherited all the valour and the virtues of Rollo. What more could the historian say? He fell at the early age of forty-two! He who was so brave, so excellent, so indispensable as a ruler of his people, as the example of his time!—another instance that God does not *want* the best of us to carry out his designs; that the important thing is, not what we do, but what we are!

Father and son lie opposite to each other in the two topmost chapels, at either side the lofty cathedral aisles. You might spend an age with

books and living men, yet fail to learn such a lesson as you may gather in a short half-hour from these dark and silent tombs. As we go towards the choir, we seem to hear the words of Burke,\* “Remember, Resemble, Persevere.”

In the pavement of the sanctuary you will see, close to the altar, a lozenge-shaped marble tablet; underneath it lay, and it is intended will lie again, the “Lion Heart” of Richard I.:† at present it is deposited in the sacristy. They say the heart is very slightly shrunken;—as we should have expected, for it was made of tough material. Englishmen are justly proud of the character of Richard; indeed, reverence for it may be almost asserted, as it was said love for the character of George III. ought to be a “part of the constitution.” But, great as he was, he bears no comparison with his ancestor who sleeps below. Tremendous in

\* Speaking of Lord Rockingham.

† His body was buried at his request at Fontevrault, the convent whence Scott makes Constance de Beverley undertake the romance for which she paid so dear at Holy Isle. Dearly loving Rouen, he bequeathed to it his better part.

war, he yet wanted those loftier qualities that peace requires of a king. The names of both were accustomed to be adjured long after they were dust. That of Rollo was invoked at home as an appeal to justice. In Palestine it was common to adjure the name of Richard, but it was to inspire fear. The meaning of the two invocations is the best comment on the two men.

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Not far from the cathedral is the Church of St. Ouen. Unfortunately the first part of this beautiful building that meets the eye is the western front (for you approach at that side). This has never been completed, and the imperfection produces an unfavourable impression not easy to remove. The original intention was to flank the front by magnificent towers, terminating in a combination of open arches and tracery, corresponding with the outline and fashion of the central tower. It was, however, not carried into effect, and remains "a broken promise to God."

Blessed be those ever-open churches! Their portals yield to an infant's touch. The porches,

sloping inward, have a beseeching aspect; they draw you towards them, as it were, and invite you to come in. You need not wait till the sabbath to enter the house of prayer! you may kneel at the altar to-day, and as you pass by may ask a blessing on your labour in a retired and consecrated spot.

We might take this lesson from the Roman Catholic Church, that devotion is not a mere Sunday exercise; that the week-day as well as the sabbath prayer is better said within the sacred walls; that the aspect of the church should be familiar as the face of home.

As you enter, look into the *bénitier*. It is indeed a basin of holy water, for in its clear calm bosom lies a house of God. The basin is so situated, that the beautiful church is imaged in its depth. I don't mention this as a discovery,—I should like to hear of anybody making a discovery who comes on the track of a tourist piloted by Murray's eternal Handbook,—but I mention it, because of the suggestions as to its origin which it awakened in my mind. Was it a mere fancy of the archi-

tect so to place this basin that his work might here be viewed in miniature loveliness, or did he intend a farther meaning? Might it not have been designed in that age of symbolism as a type of the believer's heart? There it is, pure and tranquil, in the midst of the defiled and tumultuous world, bearing none but holy images in its peaceful breast.

Anon its tranquillity is disturbed by some rough worldly hand, that comes like a sudden passion on the soul, and the holy images are supplanted by disorderly and troublous shapes: but inflexible as the physical laws by virtue of which the ruffled waters subside, and mirror again the sacred beauty they had for a moment lost, so steadfast are the divine appointments to which the believer trusts—Faith is his law of gravitation; he knows that by its power the invading passions will be expelled, and the holy images return. So deeply was I impressed by the sanctity of that basin with its mirrored church, that, had I been the most pious Catholic in Rouen, instead of a poor misbelieving Protestant, I vow I should have

crossed my forehead with an unmoistened finger, and left the *bénitier* undisturbed.

Taken as a whole, the Church of St. Ouen is the triumph of the Pointed Architecture. Mr. Melton, in his "Letters on the Fine Arts," speaks of it as the best example of the style in France. What strikes you most is the unbroken harmony, "the breathing music," of the whole edifice, and the extreme lightness and airiness of the interior. This last effect is produced by the absence of capitals to the piers, which run uninterruptedly from the pavement to the roof like mighty sinews, as also from the great size and number of the windows, which seem to have absorbed all the solid wall.

This leaves the immense expanse of roof to be supported by the pillars and buttresses alone—supports apparently so inadequate as immediately to suggest the idea of invisible assistance: and looking round, we cannot help fancying that the gurgoyles—those nondescript-creatures projecting everywhere from the walls, and meant to symbolize the bad spirits whom

the church keeps without, yet compels to her service—have received an order to come to the assistance of the buttresses, and aid in upholding the roof.

And here, while we contemplate this great achievement of the principles of Pointed Architecture, let me say a word on that much-agitated question—whence came its characteristic feature, the pointed arch? Came it from the North or from the South? Was it, as many discoveries have been, the result of chance? or is the Pugin theory anything but a conceit, which would refer the central elevation of the arch to a corresponding exaltation of the human mind as it is developed under the influence of Christianity.

The many solutions\* that have been attempted of this matter may, in substance, be reduced to four. The first is Warburton's theory. He attributes it to the Teutons. In the mind of the Bishop of Gloucester as in

\* It will hardly be believed that no less than sixty treatises, several of them voluminous, have been written to account for the introduction of the pointed arch.

that of Bacon, a fervid imagination vied constantly with a severe judgment. It furnished for the pointed arch a parentage picturesque in the extreme. Going back to the old grove worship of the Teutons, it found in the meeting branches of the forest aisles, an ante-type of the form adopted by their descendants, in their wanderings over the fabric of the Christian church. It cannot be denied that there is something very attractive in this hypothesis; and, so far as it refers the peculiar style of Teuton architecture (as distinguished from the horizontal character of the Greek and Roman) to the influences of northern scenery, it is a just one. But, as accounting for the *pointed* arch, all the historic evidence we have forbids us to receive it.

There is no instance of that arch in the religious Christian edifices of Europe, except those raised by the Saracenic workmen in Sicily, until more than a century after the last immigration of the Teutons—the Normans—had been established in its new territory, a fact conclusive against their having been the im-



porters of the form. The error of the episcopal theory consists in a confusion of what is called the Gothic style, whose characteristic is the pointed arch, with the Norman style of which the round arch is the salient feature. We have before seen reason to believe that the circular form is the natural expression of minds constituted as the Teuton was; familiar with the majestic lineaments of Arctic nature, and sublimed by the *entourage* of their accustomed places of worship.

A second hypothesis is that of Dr. Milner, who, from observing the intersection of round arches in the blank arcades frequently met with in the Norman churches, supposes that the pointed arch was thus fortuitously suggested to the Norman architects, and immediately adopted by them; this is, at first sight, a plausible solution, but will not bear examination; for we have already seen that the Normans were well acquainted with the pointed arch, but used it only in their military and domestic buildings, and it was clearly a sense of its inferiority to the round arch as

a member of a Christian church that led to its exclusion from their sacred edifices. Such an architectural accident may, indeed, have suggested it to the Saracens, whose fervid imagination and love of variety, impelled them to seize on any new and graceful shape, and who were unrestrained by the Teuton sense of religious suitability. But to suppose that Christian architects would have rejected the round arch for it, is to assume the superior propriety of a pointed arch as the principal form of a Christian church. Here, then, Mr. Milner's theory merges in that of Mr. Pugin; the hypothesis of the latter entirely resting on that assumption, setting thus at nought the history of the art, the voice of authority, and the dictates of natural taste and feeling.

Mr. Pugin maintains that the elevated lines of the pointed arch indicate a higher stage of Christian feeling. The round arch was indeed a step towards heaven, from the horizontal death-expressing lines of the Grecian and Roman orders; but until that arch was raised to a point, by virtue of the influence of a loftier

Christianity, the form was still unfound which fitly spanned the spaces of the Christian church. Such is Mr. Pugin's notion.

If this were so, the history of the arch would shew us a gradual rise from the Norman arch, until we arrived at the extreme pointed one. But the reverse was the order of progress, inasmuch as the immediate successor of the Norman arch, viz. the arch of the thirteenth century, or early English, is found to be the most elevated, and it thence declines until we come to the Tudor arch of the sixteenth century, a shape which partakes of the horizontal rather more than the curvilinear form. Besides, there was nothing gradual in the process; from the round to the pointed style was a sudden transition, the latter appearing at once all over Christendom towards the end of the twelfth century.

Then hear the Professors. Burke, Addison, and other writers on this subject, refer the pleasure the mind derives from architecture to vastness and strength, impressions which it is the peculiar province of the round arch to

convey, and which certainly are more in accordance with the religious sentiment than the ideas of grace and refinement which the pointed arch excites.

After all, the decision of the relative propriety of the two forms cannot be said to lie not within the domain of argument. We must appeal to the *soul*. We must *feel* the solemnity, the suitability, the profoundly religious character of the Norman style : and I ask any one who is not the slave of a theory, whether his religious feelings are not more raised by the circular forms that bend above him in the churches of St. Etienne or St. Trinité, than here, under the pointed arches of St. Ouen, which stimulate the imagination, but fail to come home to the soul. If, therefore, the pointed arch appears to be a form less fit for a Christian church than a form which we find preceding it, the theory resting on some fancied development of the human mind fails of its foundation, and, even without the direct argument derived from the known progress of the style, ought to be abandoned.

There is no doubt whatever that the introduction of the pointed arch into Christian churches originated with the children of the South, as by the children of the North the round one was adopted. This is the opinion held by men whom the verdant bye-paths and flowery fields of theory never allured from the high road of clear authentic fact. Such men as Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Knight. Their researches have fully established for the pointed arch a Saracenic origin.

I have already dwelt so long upon this subject, that I will only refer to their writings for evidence conclusive on the point. They trace the birth and growth of the pointed arch in the Saracenic buildings in Egypt, at Kairoan, in Sicily, in Spain, in Persia; in short, wherever they went, it appears the Saracens carried with them this favourite form. It was in universal use among them at a time when it was not in existence elsewhere. The crusaders were struck with this new form when they visited the East. They brought back the idea to Europe, and the eastern work-

men who accompanied them, or found their way westward at that time, were the means of securing its general adoption, till at last it gave the character to a new style. The increase of foliation in the capitals and enrichments and the disuse of animal forms at this period, was a consequence of the Saracenic turn given to the art, the representation of such forms being, by their religion, strictly forbidden to the Saracens.

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As long as Rouen retains her churches and her monuments, so long will she be an object of love and interest to him who feels reverently towards objects associated with the Beautiful in Art, the Great and Good in Man. But who shall say the day will never come when the iconoclasm now in process will extend even to these structures, and the treasures they contain? It is most painful to see some object illustrative of the manners and genius of our mediæval ancestors victimised each day to the destroying spirit, that calls itself improvement. We become desirous to escape,

bearing with us those high memories, indestructible by man's devastation, eternal as the mind where they dwell.

Let me lead you, however, before we depart, to the ancient convent of Sainte Marie at the top of the Rue Poussin. It has been converted into a museum of antiquities. At the old postern-door hangs a solemn-voiced bell, seeming, as it reverberates through the convent yard, to call up echoes from the halls of the past. You expect to see the stoled forms of startled nuns hurry by. Nothing half so agreeable. A stupid porter is before you, by whom you are ushered into a chaos of curiosities.

We must not mind his surprise at the indifference with which we regard this grand repast of the insatiate tourist. We will not linger by Roman tombs and mosaics, old medals of the Gaul, swords and javelins of the Celt, armour of fabulous antiquity, endless reliefs and bronzes, unnumbered relics of the middle ages, and the *renaissance*. Nor shall we even do more than cast a glance

on the dismantled door of Corneille's house. Infinitely greater curiosities may be seen any day at home by driving down to Museum Street. There is something here worth them all—and there it is—at the far end of the room is a glazed cabinet enclosing several ancient deeds of parchments. Take off your hat, I beseech you. That signature to the parchment on the right is of William the Conqueror—a simple cross!

Traced by a warrior, who like all the warriors of his time, was more familiar with the cross of his sword-handle than that upon the altar, who viewed it in a double light, as the instrument on which he rested the assertion of his earthly rights and the symbol of that whereon his hopes of heaven reposed,—traced by such a hand, one arm of the cross is elongated until the whole naturally assumes the form of a sword. How eloquent of the man and the age in which he lived!

Among the many miracles hidden from us by the mist of familiarity, is the power that



resides in the simplest *lines* and *sounds*. Novalis calls them "the *dynamics* of the spiritual world." The word "Forward" sets an army in motion, the word "Freedom" rouses a nation. A few simple notes of music can call up whole scenes of happiness, and summon into life the forms of long-buried love.

In like manner three letters bring the Deity before us, and proclaim the Creator of the universe. A few syllables of a proclamation may form the lever of a revolution;\* the outlined figure on a banner will cause the heart of a people to throb with loyalty, and thousands will follow it to death.

Here two simple lines recall to me the chief agent in the most conspicuous episode of modern history. A sword-shaped cross — true type of him in whom the military and religious spirit were so strangely blended. One day appearing as the apostle of war and havoc, the next, exhausting an exchequer in the cause of peace, and lavishing thousands

\* Witness the *Ordonnances* of 1830.

in the erection of monasteries and churches. They are eloquent too of ages before the schoolmaster was abroad, when men, though unlettered, were mighty. Here was a man, who, though unable to write his name, was born to a vast territory, could add a glorious kingdom, and govern it wisely too; a reflection by no means suggestive of pride in one's own respectable signature.

Mr. Maitland (in his book on the "Dark Ages,") assures us that in those times it was customary for distinguished personages to make the sign\* of the cross, instead of adopting the modern periphrasis of the name in full length, to authenticate documents, both because it was looked upon as a more solemn ratification of the instrument, and also as more dignified in the person signing. The duty of writing the name, he tells us, was generally performed by a notary, who wrote it at full length on either side of the cross. In support of this assertion, he brings forward several instances

\* Hence the term *signature*, applied to the affixing of a name, instead of *subscription*.

of individuals thus signing instruments, who might have adopted the alternative if they pleased. I do not, however, think that he has succeeded in establishing the general proposition.

The Place de la Pucelle, where Joan of Arc was sacrificed, is not far from here. When I reached it the evening stars were met. \* \* \*

Methought I beheld the heroic girl raised upon the gloomy pile. A long white garment meetly robes her virgin form. Her limbs are planted in fortitude; her arms crossed in resignation. No word of reproach to the inhuman soldiery gathering round impatient for her doom — no accent of terror as the thirsty tongues of flame begin to lick the nether faggots, and the death-vestments draw closer to her form, shrinking from the heated air. Heroic still, she stands on the dread confine betwixt life and death, scanning with intrepid eye the fiery gulf that parts her from heaven. She murmurs a prayer for her country and her king; she commends her vestal spirit to her Saviour; and as she utters the word "Jesus," the flames

envelope her form, veiling her for ever from mortal eyes. But not for her our pity—a few sharp pangs and all was over. Let it be reserved for those who prepared, and witnessed, and consummated the sacrifice.

I felt glad of the darkness, for, to say truth, I was ashamed of being seen near the fatal spot. I could not help calling up to execration the memory of the bigot Bedford, through whom it comes that there is *one* spot in Normandy where an Englishman cannot lift up his head. But still he was not alone in his infamy: when I remember that the Bishop of Beauvais actually assisted to light the pile where the noble girl was laid, that the Bishop of Winchester ordered her ashes to be scattered into the Seine, that the King whom she had placed on his throne did not make one effort to rescue her from her dastardly English executioners—when I remember all this, it really seems as if there *was* a witch in the business; but she must have had so much to do in making away with the human hearts of all these people, and transforming them into

demons, it is utterly impossible she could have interfered with poor Joan of Arc.

The chapel where the innocent girl went through the mockery of trial was near this place, but has some time ago ceased to exist.

## CHAPTER IX.

FÉCAMP.—BOISROSÉ.—RICHARD THE FEARLESS.—RICHARD  
THE GOOD.—ROBERT THE MAGNIFICENT.—HIS LOVE.—  
THE GRAVES OF THE GOOD.

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*Within that church's holy precincts lie  
Ashes that make it holier ; dust which is,  
Even in itself an immortality :  
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,  
The particles of those sublimities,  
Which have relapsed to chaos.* *Byron.*

Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust. *Shirley.*

ON the Norman coast midway between Dieppe and Havre, there is a light of powerful range, well known to the wanderers in the Channel. This is the light of Fécamp. Close to Fécamp pier the shore rises perpendicu-

larly to the height of several hundred feet. On the summit of the cliff the light-house is erected. On one side is a chapel to the Virgin, a great point of pilgrimage for sailors; on the other the remains of a strong fortress, celebrated in French story. Beneath stretches the town of Fécamp in a single street for half a league through a rich and fertile valley. From its centre rises the abbatial church of the Holy Trinity, where "after life's fitful fever," Richard the Fearless "sleeps well;" his son Richard the Good by his side.

The fortress I have mentioned standing beside the light-house, was erected during the civil wars of the sixteenth century, by the inhabitants of Fécamp, who had espoused the side of the League. Mr. Villars, Commandant of Rouen, being hard pressed by the royal forces, retired hither with his troops. The place was deemed impregnable, its landward position rendering it unassailable on that side, while a precipice of several hundred feet seemed to secure it effectually from any attack in the direction of the sea. But what is impossible to the

brave heart and resolute will? An adherent of the royal party, named Boisrosé, determined that the fortress should be his. He contrived to introduce two soldiers, devoted to his interests, among the troops of Villars; and one dark stormy night, proceeded in a couple of boats with fifty men, to the foot of the cliff. At a given signal, the two soldiers let down a rope from above, to which Boisrosé attached a cable provided with knots at short intervals; this was hauled up and fastened by the soldiers to the parapet. First a sergeant climbed up, the men followed, and finally Boisrosé having pushed the boats to sea, rendering retreat impossible, swung himself to the cable. Inch by inch the daring men mounted along the knotted cable, and had already gained two-thirds of the way, when Boisrosé felt the ascent was suddenly checked, and a fearful whisper reached him that the sergeant's courage and presence of mind had failed. Had he thought of it, retreat was impossible; but Boisrosé hesitated not a moment. Springing on the shoulders of the nearest soldier, he clambered from him to



the next, and so on from shoulder to shoulder, till he reached the top. Placing his sword at the sergeant's breast, he told him he must proceed or die. The man made a desperate effort, and gained the parapet; in a minute the whole troop was by his side. Boisrosé then led the way, and the garrison was won.

Where those daring assailants first gained a footing, the light-house now stands. More than once from a distant deck have I watched that beacon fling its beams far over the midnight waters, a type it ever seemed to me of the lustre shed by the memory of the great and brave over the dark and stormy waves of time; for I remembered the spot where that light was kindled, and I thought of Richard the Fearless, and the gallant Boisrosé.

Fécamp, like Dieppe, has fallen from its original greatness. When the ducal throne was removed to England, its decay commenced. The re-annexation of Normandy to the crown of France completed its ruin. Long before the first Norman invasion it had been a regal residence, and possessed a magnificent abbey

founded for a community of nuns in 664. The palace and the abbey were destroyed by Hastings and his Northmen in 841. Longsword, however, rebuilt the palace, and under the direction of his son, Richard the Fearless, the abbey was restored. Hither, shortly after his marriage, Longsword conveyed his wife Lewtgarde.\* It was the most secure retirement which his province had to offer, and furnished an easy point of removal to the friendly shores of England, should the turbulent neighbours on his eastern frontier prove too strong for him

At Fécamp Lewtgarde gave birth to Richard the Fearless. He ever bore the place a strong attachment, and lost no opportunity of benefiting it. In the renovated abbey he established a chapter of regular canons. These ecclesiastics however were regular only in name. Being exactly the reverse in morals, he was obliged to eject them, and their place was supplied by Benedictine monks. They turned

\* To Fécamp, Casimir of Poland, in after years, retired from the cares and sorrows of a crown.

out better, and under them the abbey speedily rose to splendour and renown. A present conferred upon it afterwards by Cardinal Boyer elevated it to the height of sanctity. He presented the monks with some drops of the precious blood of our Saviour.

This invaluable relic is still preserved in a tabernacle of white marble, in the present abbatial church. Augsburg may boast its unquestionable feather from the archangelic wing of St. Michael, and its box of incontestable Egyptian darkness; but what are these to the *précieux sang*, possessed by the favoured church of Fécamp. I need hardly say that its authenticity is attested by miracles, if not too wonderful to believe, too numerous to mention. Are they not written in that veritable little book published hard by, “*Histoire du précieux Sang de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ, qui répose en l’abbaye de la Très Sainte Trinité de Fécamp?*”

This church is the only antiquity which here survived the storm of the Revolution. It is in the earliest Pointed style, and offers in one or two

parts the best specimen I know of the daring mode in which the mediæval architects raised their stone and mortar into air; poising high their beautiful forms. Mr. Knight thinks he made out traces of the Norman style in the extreme circular apse of the choir, the two side chapels on the north-east, and a connecting part of the aisle; but he is of opinion, that the only part of Duke Richard's work remaining are some substructions upon which the above portions of the building rest, discernible on a close examination at the north-east point.

Duke Richard was still a boy when Arnold's treachery deprived him of his father. King Louis Outremer grasped at this opportunity of recovering Normandy; and immediately on Longsword's death invited Richard to his court, under the pretext of superintending his education. This was at first strongly opposed by the Normans. They saw in Richard not only the son of Longsword, and the grandson of Rollo, but the opening flower of all those virtues that made them both so dear

to their subjects. They conceived that these virtues would best expand in their native Norman atmosphere. They misgave the Frank, and mistrusted his proposal; suspecting the influence of Arnold, who stood high in the councils of the king. They knew the murderer of the father dreaded the retribution of the son. Won, however, by the royal promises and the affection testified to their lord, they suffered him to depart. No sooner had he arrived at the court than their fears were realised. Richard was put under arrest, and the faithless king having engaged the assistance of Hugh the Great, entered his province. The Norman nobles, however, contrived to detach Hugh from this alliance, by a treaty of marriage which they effected between his daughter, Agnes and Duke Richard.

Meantime Osmond, the tutor of Richard, who had been permitted to accompany him from Rouen to the court, contrived his escape, and having succeeded in evading the French guards, carried him to Senlis, concealed in a bundle of hay. Rouen was at this moment

besieged by the united forces of Louis, the Emperor Otho I., Arnold, and Conrad, King of Burgundy. Richard rallying the Normans around him, advanced to raise the siege. Inspired by his presence again amongst them, his troops were irresistible. The besiegers were speedily put to the rout and the young duke following up his success, the province was ere long cleared of its invaders. His intrepid conduct on this occasion gained the brave boy the proud title of "The Fearless."

Lothaire, who succeeded to the crown of France, renewed hostilities against Richard, calling to his aid every means of arms, stratagem, and lies; but the struggle terminated by strengthening the power of the Duke. Lothaire at last sent a suppliant prayer for peace, which was granted by the generous Richard, who at once dismissed from his mind all recollection of the injuries he had received.

The remainder of his days was spent among his subjects, in unceasing endeavours to promote their happiness and prosperity. He gave the utmost countenance to learning and the arts,

and encouraged in every way the science of agriculture and the enterprises of commerce. Some time before his death he constructed his own tomb, at Fécamp, and wishing, as it were,

“ Humbly to express  
“ A penitential loneliness,”

it was formed not inside the church, but close by the outer wall, where, to use his own words, “the drops of heaven, falling on him from the sacred eaves, might lave that body from the many stains contracted in his thoughtless career.”

When this tomb was completed, Richard gave orders that until his time was come to occupy it, the sarcophagus should be filled once a-week with corn to be distributed to the poor.

Richard the Fearless died at Fécamp, the 20th of November, 996, aged sixty-three, and in accordance with his dying request, that he should be buried in the spot he had selected, was laid by the outside of the church's wall, under the dripping of the eaves.

By his second wife, Gunnor, he had three sons. The eldest, Richard, surnamed “The

Good," succeeded him. The second was ancestor of the extinct houses of Clare and Pembroke, and, maternally, of the elder branch of the Courtenays, also extinct. The third son took his title from the Comte d'Eu, and is represented through the female line by King Louis Philippe, the present Count d'Eu.

Immediately on his accession, Richard the Good was forced to take up arms against his brother William, Count of Eu. The latter was speedily reduced to extremities, and by one of the duke's officers thrown into prison. Making his escape, he hastened to his brother, and falling on his knees, demanded forgiveness. The generous Richard not only pardoned, but reinstated him in all his domains and honours. This fraternal wrong and forgiveness was but the prelude to a greater wrong, a nobler instance of forgiveness. His brother-in-law was his next assailant. Etheldred, King of England, had married Richard's sister. When preparing to carry out his scheme for the massacre of the Danes in England, Etheldred, in order to divert the attention of their friends in



Normandy, invaded that territory, and filled the Cotentin with English troops. Richard hastened to oppose them, and, after a series of defeats, they were compelled to embark with precipitation and evacuate the province.

Etheldred's cruelty had rendered him so odious to the people, that he was forced to fly his kingdom, and come to throw himself on the clemency of the injured Richard. With this true descendant of Rollo he found an asylum. The cowardly and blood-stained brother was forgotten in the unfortunate king; unfortunate—the generous heart of the Norman tendered him consolation and safety; a king—his loyal spirit offered him honour and respect. Etheldred continued to enjoy the protection and hospitality of Richard until the people of England, groaning under the tyranny of Sweyn, invited him back. Richard was subsequently engaged in repulsing the attacks of the Counts of Chartres and Maine, both of whom he quickly brought to sue for peace on the most abject terms.

Robert, second of the Capetian line, was

now on the throne. He found in Duke Richard a faithful ally, who repaid the hostilities and treachery heaped on him and his predecessors by the former Frank kings, with benefits and kindness—the revenge of noble souls. He accompanied Robert on all the expeditions he was constrained to undertake against his turbulent vassals; and the first approach towards the consolidation of the great fiefs at that time composing the French kingdom, was mainly effected by the co-operation and generalship of the Duke of Normandy.

The upright youth of Richard had won him the epithet of “The Good;” by the surname of “The Intrepid” was his valorous manhood ennobled. Glorious titles these!—titles that add a rank to kings!—the letters patent, the public voice. A king may confer dignities upon the people—such poor dignities as hang on the fiat of an individual—but how grand the rank when this order is reversed, and the people ennoble their king.

Richard died in 1026; to use the words of

the chroniclers, "the people weeping, the angels rejoicing," and was laid beside his father under the church's walls.

Fécamp, says Nodier, in his *Voyages Pittoresques*, was to the Dukes of Normandy what the Pyramids were to the Egyptian monarchs—a city of tombs. Here rests Richard II. by the side of Richard I.; near him his brother Robert, his wife, Judith of Brittany, and his son William. Besides William, Richard had by his wife Judith two sons, Richard and Robert. The first enjoyed the dukedom but a few months, and upon his death his brother Robert succeeded.

He was called "The Magnificent," though better, or rather worse, known among English readers of history by the title of "The Devil,"—a surname less euphonious, certainly, than those of his predecessors. Most historians, however, agree in assuring us that the diabolical epithet must be taken in a very confined meaning, as expressing in one word, power and untiring energy. It was only in a good sense, the term "Devil" was applied to the

duke. This is I apprehend far from being a solecism. Many can, no doubt, remember having heard the satanic zeal held up to Christian imitation in discourses from the pulpit, and even the good Latimer was wont to press the infernal example upon his lukewarm congregations. We all know his phrase, "No one like Bishop Devil." Indeed, beyond the life of Duke Robert, we require no guide to the construction of the epithet. Here we find its true interpretation.

One of the richest and most powerful princes of his time, he united to a chivalrous conduct an indefatigable activity, and steady zeal for the welfare of his subjects. Few men, indeed, have possessed in a more eminent degree all those qualities that constitute a hero. He was brave, liberal, generous, and just. Steadfast in his friendship, he perilled readily his life and fortunes with a chivalrous disinterestedness in the cause of the oppressed. He never had recourse to war from mercenary motives, or views of personal aggrandizement, but when he fought it was for glory, in the spirit of

his age. Severely suppressing any attempt to limit his prerogative, he never bore hardly on the vanquished — to sheath his sword was to pardon. To the church he was ever particularly attached. He was scrupulously regular in his devotions, and even carried his piety to the extent of feeding, and washing the feet of the poor, with his own hands.

The commencement of his reign was marked by a vigorous suppression of several of his vassals, who had revolted; and having restored order to his province, he looked round for some occasion of exercising his valour — for some good to do. Baldwin IV. had been expelled from his territory by his own son. Robert came to his aid and reinstated him. Constance, mother of Henry I. of France, was moving heaven and earth to place her second son on the Capetian throne. Robert declared himself Henry's protector, and confirmed him in his rights. Canute at this time wore the English crown, though the sons of Etheldred were living. To this champion of the right the lawful heir appealed; and though the duke

was restrained from any immediate intervention, in consequence of his near relationship to the Dane, who had married his aunt, he took effectual measures to secure the crown to the sons of Etheldred.

Robert never married. Early in life he had become attached to Arlette, a beautiful girl of Falaise, and the Duke's constant soul never swerved from its first passion. The chosen of the Man, was the true love of the Boy. His barons frequently urged on him the policy of marriage,\* representing the almost certainty of anarchy and civil war, should he leave no direct heir to succeed to the throne; but the duke steadily resisted all their entreaties, declaring he never would be false to Arlette. He felt his subjects had an interest in the ducal throne, and that Arlette's humble birth might make it invidious in their eyes, to raise her to that high dignity—but

\* These representations remind us of the similar requests urged by the retainers of Gualtieri, the Marquis of Saluzzo, in Boccaccio's tale of "La Griselda." It is not improbable a hint for that beautiful story may have been taken from what is here recorded.

Robert's heart was his own, and he was resolved that there at least the maiden of Falaise should reign.\*

And now an unwonted tranquillity lay over Normandy and France. Robert, respected by his neighbours and loved by his subjects, seemed to have only to enjoy the fruits of his past exertions; but those remorseful feelings that had been overpowered in the past storm of his career, now revived in the calm.

Vainly did he ask, why for such as him to love was to be unhappy? Why the privilege of selecting his own mate was confined to the dweller beside the quiet ways of life? He was tasting one of the hard conditions of sovereignty. He was learning that power must rest satisfied with the cold splendour of her rule and has no right to trespass on the domain of the affections. And this error of his passionate youth threw its dark shadow between him and peace. To his mind, deeply tinged with the religious

\* Duke Robert understood the point of honour in a different sense from princes who have flourished in ages of more refined civilization.—*Duncan*.'

views of the time, this shadow seemed pointing to Palestine, as the only path to expiation. To Palestine accordingly he resolved to go, and summoning the states-general, announced his intention.

The assembly heard it with universal sorrow. Every argument and remonstrance was tried, but nothing could shake the duke's resolution. His council particularly insisted on the necessity of his marrying, that there might be a direct heir to the throne, as otherwise the pretensions of the numerous collateral branches of his family would be sure to bring anarchy and unhappiness on his territory.

To this Robert replied, "Arlette has given me a son, and I conjure you by the love and obedience you owe me, to accept him as your prince. I give him seisin of the dutchy, and constitute him my sole heir. Till he is old enough to command in person, Henry of France is his guardian." Finding opposition fruitless, the barons and knights did homage and took the oaths of fealty to the young William as their sovereign. Robert then departed for Palestine.



That he should see his beloved Normandy again, the Duke scarcely suffered himself to hope; but full of faith he went forth cheerfully, and proceeded on his way with characteristic determination.

He was followed by a great retinue, impelled by affection to their prince, and a burning desire to visit the Holy City,—perhaps, too, the love of romance, a constant element of the Norman character, may have added its stimulus. The same motives induced the richest and most powerful of his barons to share the perils and honours of the enterprise.

This expedition was the precursor of the Crusades. In early times a pilgrimage to Rome was generally found sufficient to allay the cravings of the pious. Subsequently it was extended to Jerusalem: such an act of devotion being conceived to be more meritorious as it was attended with greater difficulty and danger, and brought the devout adventurer to the first sources of Christianity. Accordingly, from the time when Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Saracens, until it was wrested from the

latter by the Turcomans, many a Palmer had made his way to the holy city.

The Saracens were so absorbed in military enterprises by which they spread their empire in a few years from the banks of the Ganges to the Straits of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for religious controversy, and though some violent precepts flourish in the Alcoran, they were far less infected with the spirit of bigotry and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to the zealous pilgrims who visited Jerusalem, and allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulchre to perform his religious duties and return in peace.

At this time, therefore, it was not necessary to the safety of the pilgrims that their journeys should be performed in large companies, and accordingly the Palmers often effected their expedition in parties of twos and threes, and occasionally alone. It rarely happened that any considerable number formed the same pil-

grimage. This expedition of Duke Robert's was the first general movement towards the Holy Land; and it was further remarkable, as being composed of an order of the community entirely different from any that had hitherto undertaken such an enterprise. Formerly it was the humble and religious, now it was the illustrious and military class who "set their faces towards Jerusalem." It was not till thirty years after this time, and subsequently to its capture by the Turks in 1065, that the cruelties which wakened the zeal of Peter the Hermit were practised on the pilgrims, and the sword became a necessary part of their equipments. Duke Robert and his companions had not, therefore, to win their way to the holy sepulchre by force of arms, but still great hardships were to be encountered, and great sacrifices to be made, before the sacred spot was reached.

The old chroniclers give an extraordinary account of this expedition: the grandeur and munificence by which it was marked, and the piety the warrior pilgrims displayed.

They excited the greatest astonishment on their way to Rome. Scarcely more than an hundred years had elapsed since this people quitted their frozen regions, and sailed up the Seine, in a few small boats. Now as they pass along the roads, the children of an old civilization gaze upon them with wonder, displaying a wealth and magnificence no other state in Europe, at the time, could have matched, and looking, say the chronicles, like so many kings gone out on an expedition of pleasure.

They are now in Rome, and the Pope comes forth to meet the future champions of the Church. He fastens the cross upon their dauntless hearts, and blesses their undertaking. With calm wonder they contemplate the ruins of a race of kindred power, and the modern Romans look with unconcealed admiration upon those magnificent Norman chiefs who, in face, and figure, and deportment, seem to realize the fabled heroes and gods of antiquity.

The entrance into Constantinople was still

more splendid. They cast gold and precious stones among the lookers on—Duke Robert's mule was shod with gold, so slenderly fastened that the shoes dropped off as he rode along, his attendants having received instructions not to pick them up—a profusion copied by Richelieu, on his entrance into Vienna, in 1735. When introduced to the Emperor of the East, at Constantinople, in compliance with the Oriental custom, he dropped his mantle on the floor. A chamberlain raised and handed it to the Duke. He turned scornfully away, saying, "It has touched the ground, and is no longer fit for a Norman to wear."

On leaving Constantinople, and approaching the Holy City, all this pomp was laid aside. They assumed the "sandal shoon and scallop-shell." In the meek humble pilgrims plodding bare-foot over the burning sands, who would have recognized the proud Norman warriors? The extreme heat threw the Duke into a violent fever, but he still proceeded, though now obliged to be carried on a litter. He was borne in this manner by four Moors into

the Holy City. As he entered the gate there met him a Norman pilgrim, returning to the Cotentin. The latter asked what news he should bring his subjects of their Sovereign. "Tell them," said the Duke, alluding to the dark countenances of his porters, "that you have seen four devils \* carrying me on their shoulders to Paradise."

At Jerusalem, the Duke and his companions remained some time engaged in penitential exercises, and distributing immense sums among the poor: the Duke suffering much from his malady.

They then set out on their return, but Robert had barely strength to reach Nicæa. There, in the flower of his age, under a delicious sky, surrounded by all that was beautiful in land or sea, far off from his loved Normandy — he was summoned to die. Serene and smiling in the midst of his deso-

\* Some writers say this circumstance gave rise to his surname of the "Devil." Others assert that Robert the Devil was Robert Curthose, son of William the Conqueror.

late companions, he rendered up his soul to God.

Such were the first five dukes of Normandy ; those illustrious men who watched over the infancy of the Norman race, of whose spirit they were the embodied type. Brave yet prudent, religious without superstition, chivalrous without Quixotism ; wise, yet disinterested ; generous, liberal, and just. I have sketched their history hastily, but we might well linger over this refreshing page in the sickening record of the world's average rulers. It is scarcely possible to contemplate this singular uniformity of worth through five successive generations, without acknowledging the hand of Providence. That virtuous yet vigorous policy, at the same time discomfited foreign invasion, and fostered domestic happiness and content, so keeping unmixed and concentrated the spirit of that race which combined with, and vivifying the Saxon, was destined afterwards to raise England into an example and leader of the world.

The glory of Fécamp is now a thing of the past. The proud palace has disappeared.

The strong castle sunk to some mounds of ruin, and from its walls no more shall the lion banner wave. Of the shrines where these men were wont to worship, we must look carefully to discover the few traces that time has spared; but, as the perfume of the rose clings to the fragments of the shattered vase, so round these ruins linger the imperishable memories of the valiant and the good. The ruins belong to France — they are of earth, and we must quit them now. But those memories have a spiritual nature—they are of the mind, and we may bear them away. And so, though we bid adieu to Fécamp, to those unfading recollections we do not say farewell. Henceforth they are our own; and who knows how often in the combat of our future life, when wearied in the protracted strife with doubt and disappointment, the baffled heart begins to fail, and the will to whisper capitulation — who knows how often then such memories may revive within us, and come to the spirit's rescue, armed with encouragement and consolation!



“Lives of great men all remind us  
We may make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of Time.

“Footprints that perhaps some other  
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,  
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother  
Seeing, may take heart again.”

The actions of the mighty dead, read in boyhood with glistening eyes and stored in our hearts for imitation, though never wholly forgotten, yet obscured by the mist arising from the intervening agitation of maturer life—revive with thousandfold vividness, and are invested with an interest beyond the force of books or language, as we stand beside the graves of those by whom they were achieved. By a principle of antagonism, the greatness that once belonged to them is powerfully suggested by the nothing they are now! And thus the sepulchres of the great and good have a double instruction. They not only tell us, as the lowliest tomb might do, that we are mortal,

they further remind us how much is in a mortal's power. They tell us we have but a short time to do the Creator's work, but they also teach us how faithfully it may be done.

## CHAPTER X.

LILLEBONNE.—NECESSITY OF NORMAN REGENERATION.—  
TANCARVILLE.—JUMIEGES.—UPSAL.—ST. GEORGE DE BO-  
CHERVILLE.—THE MIDDLE AGES.

The woman-hearted Confessor prepares  
The evanescence of the Saxon line.  
Hark ! 'tis the tolling curfew !—*Wordsworth.*

The weed mourns on the castle wall,  
The grass lies on the chamber floor,  
And on the earth, and in the hall,  
Where merry music danced of yore !  
And the blood-red wine no longer  
Runs—(how it used to run !)  
And the shadows within grown stronger,  
Look black on the mid-day sun !  
And the steed no longer neigheth,  
Nor paws the startled ground ;  
And the dun-hound no longer bayeth,  
But death is in all around.—*Barrg Cornwall.*

Record we too with just and faithful pen,  
That many-hooded cenobites there are,  
Who in their private cells have yet a care

Of public quiet, unambitious men,  
Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken,  
Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
Move princes to their duty, peace, or war ;  
And ofttimes in the most forbidding den  
Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
How patiently the yoke of thought they bear !

*Wordsworth.*

TRAVERSING the Pays de Caux, and passing through Bolbec, we come to Lillebonne, the ancient Juliobona, capital of the Pays. Here a ruined castle of the middle ages looks down upon a ruined theatre of the Roman times, said to be the only example in France. Excavations made some years ago, have laid open the orchestra and the walls of the dressing apartments—the old green-room, where talent once a-day threw off obscurity, and putting on the crown or the stole, became invested, for a brief period, with majesty, or the dignity of instruction. The Havre road runs over the stage; and where the actor of bygone years strutted his little hour, the actors of the present day pass to and fro, in performance of their different parts of inflicting or suffering. Here, too, on occasions of peculiar festivity the diseased Ro-

man appetite tasted the brutal stimulant of blood and pain in combats of wild beasts, and the hideous entertainment of gladiatorial shows. Who were the "Barbarians?" The victims, or those who slew them for pastime? One cannot look upon such a ruin without thinking how amply Time has avenged these monstrous cruelties.

I see before me the gladiator lie :  
 He leans upon his hand, his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low—  
 And from his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone !

Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch  
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize ;  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother—he their sire,  
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday !

All this rushed with his blood—*Shall he expire,  
 And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire.*

Looking down upon the theatre, stand the

mouldering traces of a race who drove out the Roman. The Castle of Lillebonne was a ducal palace in the early days of Neustria. The Celt gave place to the Roman, the Roman to the Frank, the Frank to the Norman; and we gaze mournfully on the marks of these successive races now scarcely discernible, and soon altogether to disappear. The same hills arise, the same river flows, the same sky looks down as when this was Celtic Gaul, and we are forced to contrast the unchanging aspect of nature with man's perishable works. Her eternal features seem to mock the fleeting generations of mankind.

Musing on the same subject the wise bird of Minerva sits on an ivy-mantled tower, and looks down with an owl's wise smile into the spacious hall of Lillebonne, where the Conqueror assembled his subjects to debate on the invasion of England.

William was one day practising archery in the park of Quevilly. A knight, pale and travel-worn approached the duke and whispered hurriedly in his ear, "Stigand has crowned Earl

Harold, and he is King of England." William heard the news without turning his head, and went on shooting, but he grew gloomy and thoughtful: none dared to address him, and he spoke to none. At last the Count de Breteuil ventured to break the silence, telling the duke the news was now all over Normandy, and something must at once be done in behalf of his right. William started from his reverie, and immediately dispatched a messenger to Harold, recalling his vow, and summoning him to observe it. Harold replied, that the oath was not binding, having been extorted by force: that the crown of England was not his to bestow: the people had given it to him, and it would be treason to his country to transfer it to a stranger. The duke dispatched a second envoy, simply requiring Harold to wed his daughter. To this the latter answered by marrying the sister of Edwin and Morcar, and thus put an end to farther negotiation.

Forthwith the duke summoned his vassals to meet in the hall of Lillebonne; and seldom have walls responded to a more momentous

conference. Three times it was renewed before William could prevail on his sturdy people to acquiesce in his plan. They declared themselves ready to follow their sovereign to the death within his own territory, but denied his right to their services beyond the sea. William de Breteuil and his friends alone sided with the Duke from the beginning.

At the second meeting, after much debate, the barons were prevailed on to appoint De Breteuil as their common representative and spokesman. He, taking advantage of his position, immediately rose, and offered Duke William their assistance and support, guaranteeing forty men at arms from each baron who had been wont to furnish twenty for a continental campaign.

The barons, taken by surprise, were astonished and enraged at these lavish offers in their names, and entered a strong protest against them. Thereupon the second conference broke up.

William's position was now critical, but the dexterity with which he extricated himself



shewed that the emergency had only served to call forth his energy and tact. He sought private interviews with each baron in turn, addressing himself first to the most influential and wealthy, and succeeded in inducing them to grant as a favour what they would not acknowledge as a right.

His perseverance finally prevailed. A record was drawn up of the free gifts of each, and attested by the great seal of the duchy. This instrument was made as public as possible, and as those who did not follow the example thus set exposed themselves to the suspicion of disloyalty, the names of all the barons of Normandy were speedily found in the list.

Fortunately for William's plans, his father-in-law, Baldwin, was at this time Regent of France. Accordingly, he had little difficulty in securing the neutrality of that state. Fatal day for her !

In the long period from Clovis to Charles Dix no event can be named so disastrous to French interests as the union of Normandy and England. To the existence of the power thus created on the Continent, and the other conse-

quences flowing from this union, France refers centuries of wars, enormous financial losses, and, worse than these, an international jealousy and ill-will, that on her side, at least, has never been wholly eradicated.

All that William now wanted was the sanction of the Church, and ambassadors were despatched to Rome to obtain the blessing of the Pope upon his arms. The question was debated in a solemn conclave of Cardinals, and the sentence was entirely in favour of William, who was declared the lawful heir of the Confessor, and Harold, with his adherents, were excommunicated. A legate was sent to Normandy, carrying with him a consecrated banner, and a ring containing a hair of St. Peter's. He was also the bearer of a bull investing William with the title of King of England.

Such were the preparations for this enterprise constituting unquestionably—if viewed in all its consequences, social, political, and religious—the greatest event of the last eighteen hundred years. Thus did the perseverance and address of the Norman Duke



overcome every obstacle, and improve every advantage. Thus terminated the opposition to his enterprise, commenced at Lillebonne.

The rumour of these proceedings filled the Saxons with terror. Pilgrim and knight arrived each day, bringing the most alarming accounts of their extent, and the vigour with which they were carried on.

In this age the belief everywhere prevailed that the phenomena of nature were linked directly in some mysterious way with the destiny of man, and the extraordinary appearances manifested by the heavens at that time added immeasurably to the terror the above reports inspired. The glaring parhelion, the crimson gleams of the flickering aurora, frequent astral showers — these were seen with portentous frequency, and above all, the great comet of 1066 appeared in the sky, darting its awful splendour from horizon to zenith for thirty successive days.\* Moreover the forgotten

\* Sexagenus erat sextus millesimus annus,  
Cum pereunt Angli stella monstrante cometa.

*Labbe's Chron.*



prophecy of Merlin,\* was recalled forcibly at this time by a remarkable circumstance. It was found that the appearance of the Normans, as well as the fleet which was mustering for their transmission to the Saxon shore, exactly corresponded with the first sentence of that strange prediction.

There was an all-pervading feeling, too, that the Anglo-Saxon kingdom had reached its day of doom. The degraded, disorderly, miserable condition of the country was unspeakable. The English church was stained by the vilest simony. The bishops, who had bought their sees, sold their preferments to the highest bidder. These trustees for the poor made open traffic of their rights. Lust, luxury, and sloth defiled and enervated the aristocracy, and the oppression under which the lower orders groaned cannot be told. Slavery was common. Bristol was the regular slave-market for the white slaves, where they were purchased for convenient shipment to the Pagan Danes in Ireland. Between the corrupted higher orders, the tram-

\* See Appendix.

pled people, and the poor priest-ridden king, Anglo-Saxon England was on the verge of dissolution. Such was its state when the Normans came.

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But our pony has brought us to the Seine. On the steep cliff overhead, standing out from the sombre back-ground of the forest, the vast ruined castle of Tancarville elevates its broken walls like a wounded giant striving to rise. It recalls the proudest names of French chivalry. Tancarville, Melun, d'Harcourt, Dunois, Tour d'Auvergne, Montmorenci, have all dwelt here in their turn. The lion standard during the brief supremacy of Henry V., braved the breeze from its battlements. The Revolution threw it into the hands of a Havre merchant. Now the Montmorenci has his own again. It was restored to that family in 1825.

The entrance of the castle is the only part remaining in tolerable preservation. It is of a massive Norman character, flanked by two huge towers.

It was a bright autumn day. I strained my

ear for the warder's horn, and listened for the minstrel's harp on the swelling of the breeze.—In vain—no groom stood by the portcullis, no men-at-arms in the yard within, and Music wakes no more the echoes of the keep. Where were they all? Swept from existence with the leaves and blossoms of their time. With mixed melancholy and surprise I wandered through the vast remains of bed-rooms, banqueting-rooms, and halls, where once the dance was, and the song resounded, but where all is silent now. The moat is dried up, the battlements have perished, the rank grass flourishes in the court-yard within.

“Elles (ces ruines) n'ont plus d'autres vassaux  
Que les nids de joyeux oiseaux,  
L'hirondelle et les passereaux,  
Qui peuplent leurs nefs dépeuplées ;  
Le lierre, au lieu des vieux drapeaux,  
Fait, sur leurs cimes crénelées,  
Flotter ces touffes déroulées,  
Et tapisse de verts manteaux,  
Les longs ogives moulées.”

Henry V. gave the title of Tancarville to Sir John Grey for his services in the French wars. His grandson was attainted in the

thirty-eighth year of the succeeding reign. The title remained dormant until revived by William III., in the person of Ford, Lord Grey of Wark, lineally descended from a brother of the first earl, whose heiress was married to Charles Bennet, second Lord Ossulston. George II. conferred the title on him in 1714.

The scenery of the Seine is beautiful here, and a boat bears you pleasantly up the river towards Jumièges. On the right, opposite Villequier, lies buried deep among the richly-wooded hills, the lovely Caudebec. It was the favourite haunt of the painter Vernet, who used to gaze day after day upon this exquisite landscape; the particoloured town, with "its face fixed upon the flood," and the beautiful church—"La plus belle chapelle" said Henry IV., "que j'ai encore vu." Then passing La Mailleraie and Le Lendin, we come to Jumièges.

At one time the right bank of the Seine from Rouen to the sea presented a succession of monastic establishments. The Abbey of Jumièges was the most remarkable of these.

It had existed from the time of Clovis, and was celebrated for its beauty, its wealth, the number and holiness of its inmates. Among its abbots were some of the most illustrious names of France. The church was in a decaying state in the time of Longsword, who rebuilt and enlarged it in 940. It was again added to, and beautified, by the Abbot Robert, in 1067. The Huguenots first, and afterwards the Revolutionists, visited this abbey with especial destruction, and now all remaining of the once-famous establishment, is the gate of the conventual building which has been turned into a dwelling-house, and the ruins of the Norman Church.

The little that remains of this last is a splendid specimen of the grand simplicity of the early Norman style. The sublime effect is wholly produced by a few simple features: immensity, breadth, elevation. See the arches under the central tower, the nave, and the western façade! The nakedness of the capitals of the pillars is relieved by the colours of painted foliation, seen sometimes in the



early Norman churches; but the eye is undistracted from the grand result by any obstructive sculpture.

Look up—the roof is gone, but the Round Arch is above you still — of nobler span and more enduring texture than stone and mortar ever formed—the Arch of the Sky! Here, in the roofless church of Jumièges we have, as it were, a divine recognition that the principles which regulated the forms of the Norman churches were the true principles of religious architecture. Here we see the Norman shewed a true perception of the sublime, in selecting the circular form to canopy his place of prayer. Here in this church, from which the hand of time has removed the roof, we see the copy only has been taken—the eternal original remains.

The Chaldeans had an especial regard for the circle under an idea that that figure pervaded all space—an idea thus rendered by Sir Bulwer Lytton, “In one eternal gyration roll the orbs of space—such is the spirit of creative life, kindling, progressing, and decaying — age, too,

ere it returns to the 'second childishness, the mere oblivion,' from which it passes to the grave, returns also to the memories and the thoughts of youth. Its buried loves, its past friendships rekindle. The wheels of the tired machine have already passed the meridian, and the arc through which they now descend has a corresponding likeness with the opposing segment, through which they had borne upwards in eagerness and triumph." The northern nations generally held that form in great reverence, as the symbol of eternity, and in the minds of the Teutons, as I have already mentioned, it was a paramount and sacred shape.

We have the authority of Tacitus and others, that the Teutons worshipped God in temples "not made with hands," in the open air, beneath the vault of heaven; yet there is reason to suppose that in particular places their worship was celebrated within walls; but the building was pervaded everywhere with the favourite form, and the sky was still the only roof. The most ancient monument of the old religion of

the Scandinavians is the Temple of Odin, near Upsal in Sweden.\* It is composed of four walls, two roundheaded doors in each. The pediment above the doors is pierced with circular openings, and a small space round the temple enclosed by a circular line. The top is open, and it is evident from the appearance of the walls, and their relative position at the points, that it never was closed. We may imagine that this edifice did not stand alone in Scandinavia, but that other specimens have perished in the remoteness of ages. It certainly was an idea equally grand and just that rejected any canopy save that of heaven for the house of God—for his temple who “inhabiteth eternity.” Such works shewed the sentiment of men who seemed to have heard it said, “Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool, what house will ye build me,” saith the Lord, “or where is the place of my rest?”

The abbatial church of St. George de Bocherville crowns an eminence on the right

\* Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens. Par J. B. L. G. Seroux d'Agincourt.

bank of the Seine, ascending from Jumièges. towards Rouen. It is finely relieved off a rich background of forest. This church was built by Ralph de Tancarville in 1050. The certainty of its date constitutes it a landmark of the Norman style, of which it is one of the best types extant. The western front is particularly striking: as you approach this part it presents a magnificent portal, consisting of a large semicircular sweep, on which are displayed a series of those severe grand mouldings, with which the Norman architects relieved the barrenness of the stone without distracting the eye,—the chevron, the embattled, the cable.

Above the portal is a row of round arched windows, and above them another row, corresponding in shape and position. As we carry our eyes upwards along this series of circular arches, we acknowledge a mysterious sympathy with that form, the emblem of strength and eternity, to which the ancient Chaldeans attached such a profound import, and which they held to pervade all space. Our soul is

elevated as we gaze ; and, raising our eyes still higher, they encounter the round arch of the eternal heavens, where we are lost in infinitude.

You enter, and here again you are accosted by the product of a faultless taste ; the roof, the arches, the piers, all blend together in a wonderful uniformity. From east to west there is not a single object to divert the eye from the greatness of the whole—no screen, no encumbrance of any kind. All these circumstances conspire to increase the idea of size, and give a grandeur to the effect. Some hardy bold reliefs presenting here and there a scriptural design, take away the baldness of the capitals. Rude though these productions be, they are yet full of spirit. It must be admitted that the Normans were no proficient in the chisel ; their execution of sculptural relief is most imperfect. But it is a scornful imperfection — they are proudly bad ! The artist's mind, filled with the sublime forms of his art, and expanded by familiarity with the masses he was called to contemplate in his everyday work, was rendered incapable of contraction to mere ornamental detail.

All that remains of the great establishment of St. George de Bocherville, beside the church, is a side wall of the conventual buildings, which now forms the gable of a mill.

Throughout the whole of Normandy, and, as I have already said, in the neighbourhood of Rouen especially, many monasteries and convents had been erected. These were founded principally in the eleventh century, when, under the prudent rule of its great dukes, the province had been restored to tranquillity. The Norman warrior, with the spirit of a hero, had the fine conscience of a child, and in this "season of calm weather" the errors of the past revived in the form of remorse, shedding trouble on his soul. It seemed as if the turbulence prevailing once without had been transferred within, leaving the external world all serene—the inward distraction was felt the keener from the outward calm.

There are some persons with whom the institutions of the middle ages, the monastic especially, have always been a favourite subject of abuse. Their chief assailant was Voltaire.

He was followed by Robertson and Jortin, whose gross mis-statements and unwarranted assertions have been received without inquiry by many, and the whole system of these establishments has come to be regarded as one of unmixed evil. Yet, admitting all their defects, it cannot be denied that these institutions filled a place and effected a purpose no other conceivable establishments could have done, whether we consider them with reference to our own times, or the ages in which they flourished. Without such a shelter as the monasteries afforded, what would have become of the arts and sciences? what of those priceless documents that contained the treasures of Greek and Roman inspiration? Without this asylum, how much of classic lore would have survived the convulsion which accompanied the breaking up of the elements of the older world?—what lessons would now be taught on the banks of the Isis and the Cam?

Then let us reflect for a moment what they did for their own times. They were a kind of Hampton Court, where the poor great people

of those days found a ready asylum. They performed the office of hotels and hospitals, for the traveller and the sick ever found welcome and care within their walls; and, more than all, they stood between the government of those times and the embarrassing questions of education and poor laws. They were the national schools and poorhouses; here were the opulent classes educated; hither the less affluent neighbours sent their children to learn reading and useful arts, which were taught free of expense; and, as long as the secular arm refrained from their possessions, there was always food and shelter for the poor.

Hear the quaint old Fuller's opinion on this point, "Nunneries, also, were good *shee schools*, wherein the girls and maids of the neighbourhood were taught to read and work, and sometimes a little Latin was taught them therein. Yea, give me leave to say if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, haply the weaker sex (besides avoiding modern inconveniences) might be heightened to a higher



perfection than hitherto hath been attained. That sharpnesse of their wits and suddenness of their conceits (which their enemies must allow unto them), might, by education, be improved into a judicious soliditie, and that adorned with arts, which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but are not taught them. I say if such feminine foundations were extant now-of-dayes, haply some virgins of highest birth would be glad of such places, and I am sure the fathers and elder brothers would not be sorry for the same."



## APPENDIX.

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### PROPHECY OF MERLIN.

*Page 276.*

IN Monsieur Guizot's edition of "Ordericus Vitalis," vol. iv. p. 415, the following curious document has been preserved. Its singular and strangely-fulfilled predictions, intimately connected as they are with William the Conqueror and his family, will not be without interest to the reader. The explanatory notes are M. Guizot's.

Ordericus Vitalis was born in England in the year 1075, and died in 1141. He devoted a great part of his life to the compilation of a work, in thirteen books, entitled "Historia Ecclesiastica." This work takes a comprehensive view of Norman affairs, and is highly interesting and instructive.

Touching the *Prophecy of Merlin*, Ordericus thus proceeds:

“I shall relate the prophecy of Ambrose Merlin, the which he spake in the reign of Vortigern, King of Britain, and which was completely accomplished in very many particulars during a space of six hundred years. Wherefore I deem it proper to insert here some passages that appear to relate to our era. Merlin was cotemporary with the blessed German Bishop of Auxerre. In the time of the Emperor Valentinian, he passed twice into Brittany, where he disputed against Pelagius and his followers, who blasphemed against the grace of God, and he confounded the heretics by several miracles, which he performed before them in the blessed Saviour’s name.

“After having celebrated the festival of Easter with devotion, he made war against the Anglo-Saxons, who being then Pagans, were opposed to the Christian Britons. Stronger in his prayers than any arms and weapons, he put the whole Pagan army to flight by simply singing *Hallelujah*, with a few newly-baptized

converts. If any one is desirous of knowing these matters and others more fully, he should consult the works of Gildas, a Breton historian, and the English Bede.

“There shines a splendid narration concerning Wortemer, as well as his brothers, and one relating to the brave Arthur, who made war against the English twelve times. It is recorded that Vortigern shewed Merlin a pond in the middle of the path. In the pond were two vases, and in the vases a roll of linen, and in the roll two worms, of which one was white and the other red. Suddenly the worms increased to an enormous size, and became dragons, whereupon they immediately commenced fighting in a dreadful fashion. At length the red worm-dragon conquered, and drove the white to the margin of the pond.

“While the King and the Britons were observing these things, Merlin stood by shedding many tears. Interrogated as to his melancholy by the astonished spectators, he explained, in a prophetic spirit, that the pond in the middle of the path was a symbol of the world; the two

vases emblemized the isles of the sea; the roll of linen figured the towns and villages of Britain, in which are the abodes of men. The two worms designate the Breton and English peoples, who will, added Merlin, engage in bloody wars till the sanguinary Saxons, typified by the red dragon, are put to flight up to Cornwall, and the margin of the ocean; the Bretons, denoted by the white worm because they have been purified or whitened in the fountain of baptism, from the time of King Lucius and Pope Eleutherius."

The prophet we are speaking of predicted circumstantially all that could happen in the islands of the north, and wrote down his predictions in allegorical language. After having spoken of the Germanic worm, and the decimation of Neustria, which took place under Alfred, brother of Edward, son of King Etheldred, and under his companions at Guilford, he prophesied as follows, on the revolutions of the present time, and on the troubles which would bring about great changes.

“A people shall arrive in wood,\* and in tunics of iron. They will take vengeance on perversity. They will restore their dwellings to the aboriginal inhabitants, and the ruin of the strangers will be clearly effected.† Their seed shall be plucked out of the gardens, and the remnant of their race shall be decimated. They shall bear the yoke of eternal servitude, and strike their mothers with the pickaxe and the plough. There shall come two dragons, one of which shall be slain by the arrows of envy,‡ and the other shall perish under the shadow of a name.§ Then shall appear a lion of justice,|| at whose roar the French castles and the insular dragons shall tremble. In those days gold shall be expressed from the lily and the nettle; silver shall flow from the feet of lowing animals; the elegant shall cover themselves with different fleeces, and the exterior of their dress shall show the interior of the hearts.

\* That is, in ships.

† Alluding to William the Conqueror.

‡ William Rufus.

§ Duke Robert.

|| Henry I.

They shall cut the paws of animals which bark. Wild beasts shall have peace. Humanity shall be afflicted in being given up to punishment ; the form of commerce shall be cleft, and the half shall be round. The rapacity of hawks shall perish, and the teeth of wolves shall be blunted. The young lions shall be changed into fishes of the sea,\* and the eagle shall build its nest on the mountains of Araun.† Vendocia shall be reddened with maternal blood, and the family of Corinna shall massacre six brothers. The island shall be bathed with nocturnal tears,‡ and each in consequence will be induced to hazard various enterprises.§

“ Our descendants will fly in the air, and novel-ties will be esteemed. Piety on the part of the impious will injure him in possession till he has

\* The sons of Henry I., who were drowned off Barfleur.

† Montes Araunium, the Ceraunian mountains.

‡ The death of Henry I., whose body was carried to England, and interred at Reading.

§ The Latin note appended to this passage runs thus : “ Woe to thee Neustria, for the brains of the lion shall be scattered, and thrown out of the paternal soil, after having its members torn.” The allusion is to King Stephen, raised to the throne in preference to the daughter of Henry I.



clothed himself with paternity; armed in consequence with the teeth of the wild boar, he will traverse the summit of mountains and cross the shadow of him who wears a casque. Albion will be indignant, and, summoning her neighbours, will busy herself with spilling blood. They will put into the jaw-bones a curb which shall be manufactured in the sea of Brittany.\* The eagle, breaking the treaty, will devour this curb,† and will rejoice in building his nest for the third time.

“The children of the roaring lion will awake,‡ and, disdaining the parent, will hunt within the walls of cities. They will make a great carnage of those they may meet, and cut the tongues of bulls. They will load with chains the necks of those who roar, and bring back old times. Finally the thumb shall be bathed with oil, from the first to the fourth, from the fourth to the third.

“The sixth shall throw down the walls of

\* Henry II., born among the Angevins.

† Eleanor of Aquitaine.

‡ The sons of Henry II.

Ireland, and change the forest into plains. He shall reduce divers portions under one. He shall crown himself with the head of a lion; his beginnings shall sink under a vague affection; but his end shall fly to the skies.

“In fact, he will renew the seats of the blessed in different countries, and place pastors in suitable places. He will cover two cities with a mantle, and make a virginal to virgins. This will obtain for him the favours of the master of the thunder, and he will be crowned among the happy.

“There will issue from him a contagion which will penetrate every where, and which will menace with ruin his own nation.\* This contagion will cause Neustria to lose her two islands,† and she will be despoiled of her ancient dignity. Afterwards the citizens will return into the isle.”

Such is Merlin's extraordinary prophecy as given by Ordericus Vitalis. He professes to be able to interpret the whole of it, which how-

\* Richard Cœur de Lion and King John.

† England and Ireland.

ever he does not do, saying he must proceed with his narrative.

He, however, dwells on some points, for instance the death of William Rufus by an arrow, and the death of Duke Robert, who perished under the shadow of a name, *i. e.* in prison with the nominal title of duke.

In these two instances, as well as the drowning of King Henry's sons at Barfleur, the prediction received an accurate fulfilment. The lion of justice, at whose roar the French castles and the insular dragons shall tremble, Ordericus refers to Henry II., who, after his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, excelled in power and territory all his predecessors, and became very formidable to France.

The closing prediction has also received a very accurate fulfilment, in the loss of Normandy under King John.

It is not to be forgotten that Ordericus Vitalis died before the accession of Henry II., that is in 1154. So that whatever question there may be about the former part of this famous prophecy, the latter half must have been pro-

nounced before the predicted events took place.

The reader's historical knowledge will supply solutions to many of the passages which are not referred to in the notes.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

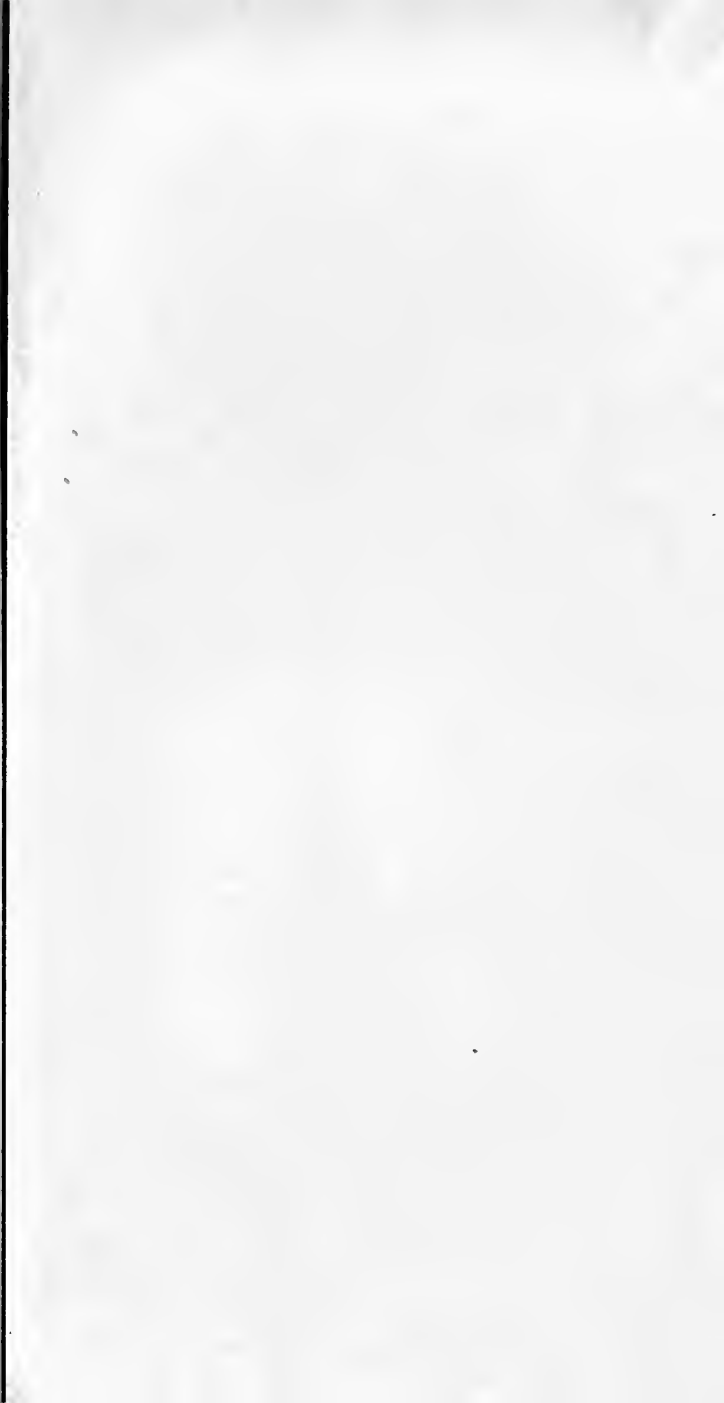
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